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WHETSTONES FOR WITS, OR, DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

BY

VARIOUS HANDS.

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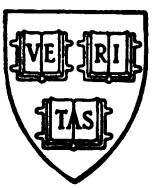

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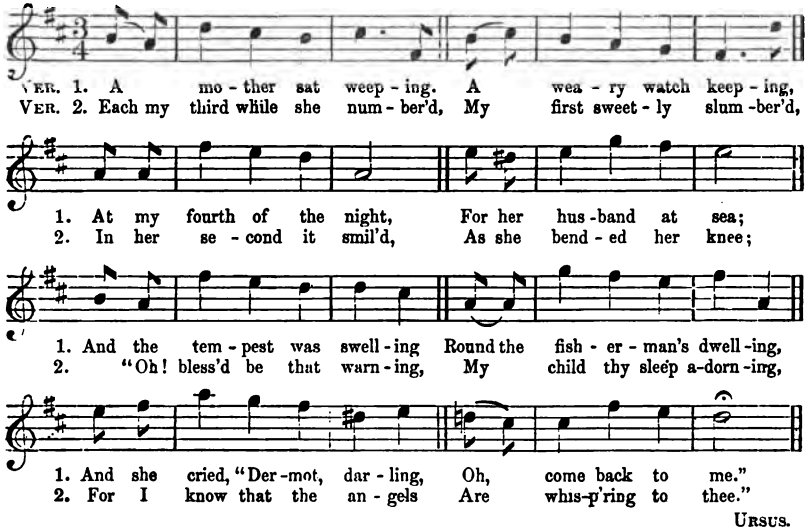

URSUS.

WHETSTONES FOR WITS;

OR

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

BY

VARIOUS HANDS.

EDITED BY

"C R A C K."

"You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?"

Merry Wives.

LONDON:
HORACE COX, 346, STRAND, W.C.

1872.

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INTRODUCTION.

An acrostic, strictly speaking, is a poem in which the initial letters of the successive lines make up some name, word, or sentence; hence the term *acrostic*, which is derived from two Greek words, signifying the extremity of a line or verse, the required words appearing at the commencement of the verses in a perpendicular line, after the manner of Chinese writing.

Sometimes the final letters of the respective lines spell an acrostic as well as the initial ones; acrostics thus arranged are called double acrostics; and sometimes an acrostic will dip down other parts of the poem also, as in the case of triple acrostics, where the central letters form a word as well as the initials and finals.

The germ of the acrostic idea seems to exist in the abecedarian writings of the Hebrew poets. The term abecedarian is applied to compositions the parts of which are initialled in alphabetical order.

Abecedarian psalms, hymns, and lamentations occur in several parts of the Old Testament. They consist of twenty-two lines or systems of lines, or periods, or stanzas corresponding to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, and as each successive line or stanza commences with one of the letters in the alphabetic series, the complete poem, of course, exhausts the entire alphabet.

Twelve of the Psalms are written on this plan. By far the most remarkable of them is the 119th, which preserves in our English version the acrostical letter as a heading to the set of verses which it rules, the first group being termed *Aleph*, the second *Beth*, and so on, through the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

Some authors say that these abecedarian writings were anciently called acrostics, but this seems doubtful. Among ecclesiastical writers the term acrostic denotes the ends of psalms, or rather something added to them, like the "Gloria Patri," which the people sang by way of chorus or response to the precentor or leader of the psalm. This was called singing acrostics; and this species of psalmody, usual in the ancient church, is still employed in our services.

It is supposed, from the frequency with which abecedarian compositions are met with in Hebrew writers, that the ancient Jews were the inventors of the artifice, which was no doubt contrived to assist the memory when reciting subjects in common use, such as maxims of morality and forms of devotion; thus, St. Augustine composed a hymn of such a character, as a *memoria technica* for the common people against the errors of the Donatists.

An analysis of the length of the lines, where this alphabetical arrangement prevails, has led to the conclusion that abecedarian compositions were regulated with regard to some harmony or rhythm, with the laws of which we are not now acquainted; and hence that these poems indicate the use of some kind of metre in Hebrew poetry.

In the Greek anthology there are two epigrams, called acrostics, (the dates of which can only be conjectured), one in honour of Bacchus, and the other in praise of Apollo. Each

contains twenty-five verses, the first introducing the subject of the poem, and each of the twenty-four others consisting of four epithets applicable to the god. All the epithets in the first line begin with A, those in the second with B, and so on, reminding one of the modern game of "I love my love with an A." In fact, the poems are alliterative alphabetic acrostics four deep.

The apt and artful aid of alliteration has been sought in all ages to assist the memory, and it is especially serviceable when combined with rhythm. It is beyond the scope of this Introduction to trace the history of alliteration, except so far as it bears on the acrostic idea. Much early poetry is alliterative, especially early Saxon, Scandinavian, and German poetry. The most remarkable early Saxon poem of this kind is the well-known allegory, called *Piers Plowman*, probably written in the latter half of the fourteenth century. The poem consists of 14,696 verses, formed according to this general rule:—Each hemistich contains two accented syllables. In the first hemistich, at least both the emphatic syllables must begin with the same letter; in the second, only the first accented syllable needs begin with that letter, as for example:

A fair field full of folk
  Found I there between;
Of all manner of men,
  The mean and the rich;
Working and wandering
  As the world asketh.

As a modern example of alliteration, combined, in this case, with acrosticism, the following on the English alphabet, from

H. Southgate's "Many Thoughts on Many Things," may here be given:

A n Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
B oldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
C ossack commanders, cannonading come,
D ealing destruction's devastating doom:
E very endeavour engineers essay
F or fame, for fortune, forming furious fray.
G aunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
H eaves high his head heroic hardihood;
I braham, Islam, Ismael, imps in ill,
J ostle John Jarovlitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill;
K ick kindling Kutusoff, king's kinsmen kill!
L abour low levels loftiest longest lines!
M en march 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murderous mines.
N ow nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,
O pposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
P oor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Q uite quaking, "Quarter! quarter!" quickly quest.
R eason returns, recalls redundant rage,
S aves sinking soldiers, softens signiors sage.
T ruce, Turkey, truce! truce treacherous Tartar train!
U nwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine,
V anish, vile vengeance! vanish victory vain!
W isdom wails war—wails warring words. What were
X erxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier?
Y et Yassy's youth, ye yield your youthful yest.
Z ealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's zest.

In contrast to the above the lipogrammatic Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, which unfortunately is not extant, may be referred to. The poem is said to have consisted of twenty-four books, from each of which the poet excluded one of the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet in turn. The first book was called *Alpha*, because there was not an Alpha in it; the second *Beta*, for a similar reason, and so forth.

In some editions of the Latin poet Plautus (B.C. 254-184) there are prefixed to each play a few verses containing an acrostic on its title, and a sketch of the plot. These introductory verses, like the abecedarian hymns, would assist the memory to associate the scheme of each play with the title affixed to it.

According to some authorities the inventor of the true acrostic was Porphyrius Optatianus, who lived in the reign of Constantine, but it has been shown already, that acrostics are of much older date.

Cicero states that the Sibylline oracles were written in a kind of acrostic. According to Dionysius (iv. 62) the responses of the Sibyls were written on leaves, which the wind threw into disorder. It was the duty of the officiating priests to pick up the scattered leaves and to sort them; and if this were correctly done, the initial letters of the several leaves revealed the voice of the oracle.

Originally the number of Sibyls was two, but Ælian gives the names of four, and Varro of as many as ten. In mediæval times a set of enthusiasts called "Sibyllists" sprang up, who pretended that there were twelve Sibyls, according to the number of the Apostles and minor prophets, and they drew up utterances in favour of Christianity, or of some particular dogma which they wished to enforce. Each of these twelve Sibyls was made to father some church axiom, after the manner of the sages of Greece, who were fathers of some wise moral or political saw. By far the best of these sentences is that ascribed to the Erythræan Sibyl, which ran thus:—

Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος Σωτηρ

(Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.)

The sentence may be freely rendered, thus :—

I JESUS
C CHRIST
T THE
H HEAVEN-BORN
Y YOUR
S SAVIOUR

It will be seen that the respective initials of these several words make *icthys*, a Latinised way of spelling the Greek word ἰχθύς (*icthus*), which is Greek for fish; hence a fish symbolises Jesus Christ, and Christians were called in Latin *pisciculi*, or little fish.

Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea (A.D. 313-338), cites this *notarica* with other verses descriptive of the coming of the day of judgment. He seems to think them genuine, but they have been proved to demonstration to be clumsy forgeries; there is, however, a certain propriety in the symbolic "fish," not only because the Apostles were for the most part fishermen, but more especially because Christians, like fish, are "born of water" in baptism, to which rite Jesus Christ himself, as "the first-born of many brethren," also submitted. Thus, Tertullian says: "Christians are fishes, born in the water of regeneration, nor are we saved unless we remain therein."

A very early acrostic (if not the earliest double acrostic known) occurs in the "De Laude Virginitatis" of the celebrated Aldhelm, of Malmesbury, afterwards Bishop of Sherburn (A.D. 696-709), and canonised after death. He was educated abroad, and is said to have been the first Englishman who wrote in the Latin language, whether in prose or verse. King Alfred the Great used to say that Aldhelm was by far the best of all the Saxon poets. The people being at the time very illiterate, and impatient of prose discourses, it occurred to Aldhelm that instruction might be rendered more

acceptable to them if delivered in the form of ballads, in which allegory and secular matters could be blended with religious and moral teaching. By this artifice he became extremely popular, and drew crowds to listen to his words.

His double acrostic poem, referred to above, consists of thirty-eight lines. It is not sufficiently interesting for quotation. It is referred to more especially to show the connection between the double acrostic and the word-square. It is called by Aldhelm *quadratum carmen*, or square verse, and the first line runs thus:

Metrica Tirones nunc promant carmina castos.

Each subsequent line begins and ends with the letters of the words of the first line, only the finals are reversed; so that the initials read from above downwards, and the finals from below upwards form the line quoted. The last line is composed of the same words as the first, only written backwards.

Word-squares are often called acrostics; and indeed they are a species of acrostic. An example of one of the most celebrated of these is the well-known—

S A T O R
A R E P O
T E N E T
O P E R A
R O T A S

It may be read forwards, backwards, upwards or downwards.

As a specimen in English, the following original three-letter sentence word-square is given. It may be supposed to be the shout of exultation made by Duke William to his warlike brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, after the fall of Harold at Hastings:—

W O N
O D O
N O W

In later times we find the acrostic still employed by various nations, especially by the Jews, who designated their writers by means of acrostics. Thus, the name of the famous Maimonides, whose writings have been deemed, for the last five hundred years, an essential part of the Talmud, was expressed by R A M B A M, an acrostic of his full title, Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon; and his commentator, Rabbi Yom Tof Ben Abraham, is commonly called Ritba. Similarly Maccabees is an acrostic of Mi Camaka Baclin 'Ehovah.

Acrostics were also very fashionable among the early French poets, from the age of Francis I. (1515) down to that of Louis XIV. Many of these elaborate triflers, as they are called, were not content with double, nor even with triple acrostics, where, as Addison remarks, the verses are not only edged by a name to each extremity but have also the required words running like a seam down the middle. There are instances, to which Addison does not allude, of pentacrostics, *i.e.*, of acrostics where the required letters form five columns in the poem. An average specimen of these is the Latin acrostic in hexameter verse, prefixed to the first volume of Father Bluteau's Portuguese Dictionary, in praise of the author. It is quoted here as a curiosity of acrostic literature, though the lines are, as might be expected, the flattest commonplace possible:—

V idisti	A uctores lat-	E quos fam-	A volat-	U
A llitononansqu-	E canensque	T ubâ super	E xtulit astr-	A
E cce	T ibi cunctos	V incit qui	T ullius or-	E
T itan	V ivus adest qui	L umina phœbi	V inci-	T
U bertim	L audes tribuat	B ona	L ysia plaus-	U
T ergeminas	V ivant	L audes semperque	V irescan-	T
E rgo	T itus noster	V olitando	T riumphet in orb-	E
A ssidu-	E recinat	T ali modulamin-	E mus-	A
V ivat ut	A uctor ovans	E tiam per sæcul-	A cant-	U

The initial "B" is in the centre of the fifth verse—the middle of the poem. Setting out from this letter, and taking the capital letters either horizontally or perpendicularly, or advancing one letter in any direction from the centre, and proceeding to the corners, the word Bluteau is in every instance formed.

The following original English pentacrostic will serve as a sample for English readers, and may suggest a new sort of amusement for the long winter nights.

D ear	N ation	A lbion	N ame	D
N oble	A nd	L ovely;	A utum	N
A	L ivery	G ives,	L eaving	A
L ated	G arniture,	N o	G ratefu	L
G uest.	N ow	E vening	N ippin	G
L ingers;	G ray	N ovember's	G hou	L
A	L ast	G rowth	L itters,	A
N ew	A nother	L ivery	A utum	N
D ons;	N ature	A ppears	N ewcla	D

The word is England, and begins with Evening, in the centre of the fifth line. It may be traced thence upwards, downwards, or sideways, as in the case of the Bluteau pentacrostic.

Some English poets of considerable eminence have also written acrostics. In the works of Sir John Davies are twenty-four short poems, entitled "Hymns to Astrea," published about the end of the sixteenth century, each of which is a single acrostic on the words *Elisabetha Regina*. These are considered by some critics the most elegant acrostics ever written in any

language; one is therefore presented to the reader as a specimen:—

E v'ry night from ev'n to morn,
L ove's chorister amid the thorn
I s now so sweet a singer;
S o sweet, as for her song I scorn
A pollo's voice and finger.
B ut nightingale, sith you delight
E ver to watch the starry night,
T ell all the stars of Heaven,
H eaven never had a star so bright
A s now to earth is given.

R oyal Astrea makes our day
E ternal with her beams, nor may
G ross darkness overcome her;
I now perceive why some do write
N o country hath so short a night,
A s England hath in summer.

The fancy for acrostics, and for poems written in the shape of wings, altars, &c., seems to have taken a strong hold of English writers about this period. In illustration of this, the famous "Cabal" Ministry of Charles II. (1670), supposed to be pensioners of France, obtained its appellation from the initial letters of the names of its members, viz.:—

C CLIFFORD
A ASHLEY
B BUCKINGHAM
A ARLINGTON
L LAUDERDALE

Similarly the five divines who united in writing against

episcopacy in the last century are known by the acrostic Smectymnus, viz :—

S STEPHEN
M MARSHALL
E EDMUND
C CALAMY
T THOMAS
Y YOUNG
M MATTHEW
N NEWCOMEN
U UUILLIAM
S SPIERSTOW

Everyone remembers the distich which Lord Bacon says he heard in boyhood:—

When hempe is spun
England is done;

which he interprets thus:—"Hempe" is an acrostic of the five sovereigns—

H HENRY (VIII)
E EDWARD (VI)
M MARY
P PHILIP
E ELIZABETH

At the close of the last reign "England was done," inasmuch as the sovereigns which followed were no longer styled kings or queens of "England," but kings or queens "of Great Britain and Ireland."

Addison was called "Clio," because the word contains the four letters with which his papers in the "Spectator" are signed, indicating the place from which they were written, viz.:—

C CHELSEA
L LONDON
I ISLINGTON
O OFFICE

One of the best of these acrostics is the device of Austria, A E I O U, which in Latin, German, and English, is an acrostic of

A	AUSTRIA'S	AUSTRIÆ	ALLES
E	EMPIRE	EST	ERDREICH
I	IS	IMPERARE	IST
O	OVER ALL	ORBI	ÖSTERREICH
U	UNIVERSAL	UNIVERSO	UNTERTHAN

Frederic III., with malicious fun, perverted it into—

A	AUSTRIA
E	ERIT
I	IN
O	ORBE
U	ULTIMA

(Austria will one day be the lowest of all nations.)

Guido' *solfeggio* system, called the Aretinian syllables, is a sort of acrostic, being six initial syllables of a hymn to St. John the Baptist, by Paulus Diaconus:

UT queant laxis RE sonare fibris
MI ra gestorum FA muli tuorum
SOL ve polluti LA bii reatum,
Sancte Johannis.

which may be paraphrased thus:

UT tered be thy wondrous story,
RE ally worthless though I be,
MI ndful make me of thy glory,
FA mous son of Zacharee.
SOL ace to my spirit bring,
LA bouring thy praise to sing.

The Gamut of Hortensio, in "The Taming of the Shrew" (Act. III., sc. 1), is also acrostical:

"Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord,
"A re," to plead Hortensio's passion;
"B mi," Bianca, take him for thy lord,
"C fa ut," that loves with all affection:
"D sol re," one clef, two notes have I:
"E la mi," show pity, or I die.

It is said, but probably with more wit than truth, that the word "whig" is an acrostic of

W WE
H HOPE
I IN
G GOD

and the word "Tory" of

T TRUE
O OLD
R ROYAL
Y YEOMEN

Of course, every one has heard that the word "news" contains the initial letters of

N NORTH
E EAST
W WEST
S SOUTH

a coincidence no doubt curious, but of no etymological value. Similarly the initial letters of

W WALES
I IRELAND
S SCOTLAND
E ENGLAND

make up the word "wise;" and we may jokingly say that England became wise when she added Wales, Ireland, and Scotland to her own crown.

Dryden, in "Mac Flecknoe," published in 1682, contemptuously makes the dying monarch of the realms of Nonsense and Dulness thus address his son:—

> Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
> Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
> Where thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
> And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

In the first volume of the "Spectator" Addison severely ridicules the passion for poems fancifully written. With regard to lines written in a given shape, as of altars, wings, &c., so that the verses must be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame, he remarks, that they had to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes lodged in his iron bed; if they were too short he stretched them on the rack, if too long he chopped off the redundant part to make them fit the couch.

Addison calls the acrostic a species of "false wit." He says: "There were attempts last winter (1710) to revive some of these antiquated modes of wit, which have long been exploded from the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about town began to entertain ambitious thoughts and to set up for polite authors." He continues, that these laborious wits will turn over a whole dictionary to find the appropriate words—"A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it."

After this date the "laborious wits" and "elaborate triflers" appear to have discovered other channels wherein to discharge the overflow of their intellects; acrostics seem to have drooped into disuse until lately, when the mania for the

so-called "double acrostics" developed itself. These double acrostics are not, in fact, acrostics at all, but rather charades or enigmas concealing a subject which is enigmatically elucidated by certain words or "lights," the initials and finals of which, arranged in the order of the numbers, give the subject words in the form of an acrostic. The first of these literary *jeux d'esprit*, so far as the Editor of "Whetstones for Wits" has been able to ascertain, appeared August 30, 1856, in *The Illustrated London News*, under the well-known *nom de plume* of "Cuthbert Bede." He calls them "novel and ingenious riddles lately introduced," and praises them as being vehicles of instruction, and as affording harmless and rational amusement. They are thus composed: Two words or a set of words are selected as subjects. These two words or set of words should have some dependence on each other as regards signification or allusion, and must contain a like number of letters, as "Father Thames." The selected subject words being disposed in two parallel lines with a space between, the corresponding initials and finals are filled in with words which begin and end with the respective letters. The words selected for this purpose are called *lights*. For example, in the case of *Father Thames*, the lights might be FrighT, ArcH, TeA, HeM, ExcusE, RapidS, the initials of which words make Father, the finals Thames. The acrostic proceeds to describe the subject, and the lights give enigmatically, and in rotation, the acrostical letters, one at the beginning and the other at the end of each word selected for the purpose. The whole together makes up the so-called double acrostic.

By way of full example we cannot refrain from quoting one of the earliest of these printed double acrostics, a capital one,

published in *The Illustrated London News* of the date mentioned. It runs thus:—

I'm a Mark of judgment, taste, and wit,
O'er a crowd of pages I rule the roast;
I mix with choice spirits, while choicer ones sit
Around, while I give them full many a toast.
Of my two words my first is squeezed into my second,
Although at its head it is commonly reckoned.

1. I brighten even the darkest scene.
2. I very nearly an ostrich had been.
3. I with a Hood once passed all my days.
4. I am a fop in the play of all plays.
5. To its greatness the City of Bath I did raise.

The solution of the subject is Lemon, Punch, and the introductory lines refer in a punning way to the late Mark Lemon, for many years the editor of *Punch*. The lights are

L	LAMP	P
E	EMU	U
M	MARIAN	N
O	OSRIC	C
N	NASH	H

Good specimens of the ordinary double acrostic as here shown will be found in the following pages; but the idea thus thrown out having taken the fancy of the "elaborate triflers" of the day, has been worked on and improved in a variety of ways.

To specify all the variations of which the double acrostic is capable would be endless; but attention may be drawn to some of them. The quotation acrostic, for example, is a pretty development of the original notion. Here all the lights, and sometimes the subject words are illustrated by means of quotations, as in the acrostics numbered XXXV., LXI., and

LXXXV. No. CXXV. is a pretty specimen, all the lights being taken from the poem which is the subject of the acrostic.

The catch acrostic, where the light is veiled by a pun or *double entendre* on itself, is a common class. For example:

Too wise you are, too wise you be.
Answer.—Y Y

or—

My first is a cat, and there's nothing beside.
Answer.—Cat-o (Cato).

or—

My last is the epithet given you here.
Answer.—Epithet.

Specimens of these will be found in Nos. V. and CC.

In some instances the lights are made to form a word square, as in Nos. XXXII. and CLXIX. In others the acrostic is fourfold, as in Nos. CLXXIII., CLXXIV., and CLXXVI. to CLXXIX. These are ingenious elaborations.

Again, the acrostic in which all the lights bear on and have reference to the subjects is another and charming variety, as examples of which acrostics Nos. XVIII., XLIX., CXXXIX., CLII., and CLXXXVI. may be cited. But the highest effort of all is that which combines both subject and lights into a narrative form; the narrative explaining the subject, and, in its course, bringing in all the lights naturally and in order. Many instances of this mode of treatment occur in the following collection. We may point out as excellent specimens Nos. XIX., XXXVI., LXIX., CCIV., and CCV.

In order to solve a double acrostic, the reader has, of course, to guess the subject words and the lights. He will naturally commence by ascertaining the number of letters in the subject words. Having thus obtained a clue, he will think of a subject described by the introduction, which contains the requisite

number of letters, and will then endeavour to fit some of the lights (taking the easiest first) to the supposed initials and finals. If one or more work in, he is probably on the right scent, and he may then spend some little time in trying to discover the remainder. Professed acrostic solvers will often succeed in discovering the most obscure words and lights with great rapidity. To encourage those who are not experienced in the art of guessing, the Editor has placed together some of the acrostics which he considers easy. They are numbered I. to XXXV. consecutively.

Some correspondents have sent acrostics which give more than two words for the subject; others have divided a single word into two parts, after the manner of a charade. This is legitimate, if the introduction is written as a charade, but not otherwise. Sentence subjects and divided words, not treated as charades, the Editor deems misleading, except perhaps to the expert; and he has thought it expedient, in the interest of the less experienced solvers, to mark the former with an asterisk, and the latter with a dagger.

Aided by these cautions to the unwary, and by the indication of a number of moderately easy acrostics to the uninitiated, it is hoped that guessers of all grades will be able to find, in the present volume, amusement for many a leisure hour.

A t Christmas time, which, with its friendly eye,
C omes, trifles—e'en like these—to dignify,
R eader, do thou, with complaisance not less,
O pen our Riddle-Book, and deign to guess.
S low, if some wits be, they will brisker grow;
T hose that are brisk—why, we will keep them so.
I n fine, here skill with skill would fain compete:
C ome, young and old, unite for our defeat!

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

A. E.
Alex.
Anon.
Antiquary.
Badszajadee.
Bee.
Carol.
Crack.
Cracker.
Doubleday.
E. C. B.
Eel.
F. P.
Frizzle.
G. R.
Granny.
H. W. F.
J. D. T.
Lector.
Maidenhair.
Megan.
Mint.
Poppie.
Pritz.
Rustic.
S. G. C.
S. M. G.
Spetiou.
The Sheik.
Two Blind Mice.
Ursus.
Woodlands.

Erratum.—In No. CXXVIII., light 15 ends with A instead of O, as it should do. The error was not discovered until the sheet had gone to press.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. I.*

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
'Tis said that a Sibyl invented my riddle.

My *first* is a beverage, a plant, and a meal;
In my *second* would Egypt her history conceal;
A tincture my *third*, human evils to heal;
To save repetition my *fourth* we employ;
Your horse, if he's hungry, my *next* will enjoy;
The loss of my *sixth* would all numbers destroy;
My *seventh* rich travellers sadly abuse;
Schoolboy wit loves my *next* in its jokes to misuse;
My *last* from a tyrant once rescued the Jews.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. II.*

If you fancy my nut has too solid a shell,
Merely say, "Give it up," and 'twill answer as well.

1. With oil-tanks shod, in Terra di Otranto,
I fill the eastern horn of Gulf Taranto;
The Vandals sacked me, but my Gallic foe,
Charles of Anjou, designed my overthrow.

2. I cannot speak—at least, so says the law—
No status hold I, and no contracts draw;
Yet some in me discern ten thousand charms,
"Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

3. Nine times transformed; yet once again perforce
On earth I tarry as a winged white horse;
One foot in air, whose stamp will tell to all
The wreck of matter, and creation's fall.

4. A charm against every ill I once was thought;
The Jews consigned me to the baser sort.
Of rank the Greeks awarded me the sign,
And now on beauty's cheek I oft recline.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. III.

Its course never did run smooth.

1. The poets say the lover clings like this.
2. He wished to be a glove, the cheek to kiss.
3. You'll say *you've he* when you have guessed this light.
4. I can't take this if you don't guess aright.

CRACK.

No. IV.*

Where are we told that all the world a stage is?
Who is it says all men act seven ages?

1. A Mammal not counted remarkably bright.
2. Here a bridge has been built a wonderful height.
3. On this sea are great junks, and canoes trim and light.
4. Of all forest trees, 'tis the monarch by right.
5. Did you ever hear tell of this sweet water sprite?
6. British cavalry glorious and brave in the fight.
7. Oxford's city from this forms a picturesque sight.
8. It swoops downward when winging its aërial flight.
9. When flaming it fills all around with affright.
10. On its banks raged the battle all through the dark night.
11. Oh, does not this river with Isis unite?

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. V.

A well-known acrostician.
You're another.

1. You see in these two syllables we lie.
2. "Arrah!" cried Pat; we're the echo of his cry.
3. Essay to find my third in this essay.
4. Repeat my first, and 'twill my fourth display.
5. The usual signature of Samuel Kaye.

PRITZ.

No. VI.

Yon light which you so much admire,
At first looks like the Thames on fire;
But, gazing still, a clock you trace,
Like Bardolph, with a fiery face:
And hark! within, a sound of might
Booms forth upon the listening night.

1. Fond name for him who lays each tax.
2. Grand name for what boys call "a wax."
3. And we call this what roughs call "max."

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. VII.

Of all the fine fishes that frisk in the ocean,
Keeping heads, tails, and fins in "perpetual motion,"
'Mong flippers and floppers, and flounders and floaters,
There are none to compare with the real —— ——.

1. A Californian county minus *a*,
   Tells *why you be* so oft across the way.
2. I sighed a declaration of my love,
   She breathed *a vowel*, O, the darling dove.
3. A love-sick hero (not Tom Campbell's, though,)
   Who to the boatman said, "Come, *row me, O.*"
4. This isle, although from Car-l-isle very far,
   Beyond a doubt's the isle of *Major Carr*,
5. The planets speed upon their bright highway,
   Like war-steeds, yet no curb *or bit* have they.
6. "Where is the *powder blew?*" said Mrs. B.
   Transported, sure, like Mike, *beyond the sea.*
7. Though hard he toils, few *coppers* can he win.
   Oft stumped for *cash*, he's never short of *tin.*
8. This schooner *reefed* its sails, yet came to *grief*
   Upon the "Norman's *Woe*," a rocky *reef.*

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. VIII.†

By the rich I'm esteemed, though I lowly am born;
I rise ere the lark on a warm, dewy morn;
So, early abroad must the wanderers be,
Who seek for their catchup to catch up poor me.

1. Oh! what cares he for Ocean's roar?
2. An island off Dalmatia's shore.
3. A battle-cry, a London square.
4. In Sandwich look, for p'rhaps 'tis there.

URSUS.

No. IX.†

Strum! Strum!! Strum!!! the girls are playing,
How I wish they'd shut *it*, and give o'er!
'Tis an overture that's set
As a flourishing duet;
Very nice for quiet folks who live next door!

1. A party to each legal suit.
2. Poor Desdemona! ugh! the brute!
3. We'll sit in here to eat our fruit.
4. A time when owls are apt to hoot.
5. I like this better than the flute.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. X.*

The thundering noise is heard afar,
As swiftly speeds the regal car;
From south to north, it glides along,
To the land of heather, flood, and song.

1. I burrow underneath the ground.
2. The volume must be squeezed and bound.
3. I never could or would say "No."
4. Mine is the home of frost and snow.
5. This is where foolish folks will be.
6. Britannia's sceptre of the sea.
7. A coin that comes from foreign bank.
8. A Turkish officer of rank.
9. On eggs of crocodile I prey.
10. I stint my table day by day.

No. XI.†

Happy should I be, for I'm embraced
By hands as soft as down of dove,
And out of my mouth come liquid streams
That ladies fair and Celestials love.

1. On the light fantastic toe.
2. Out of port you must not go.
3. Sluggard, see, and wisdom know.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XII.

Pity the sorrows of poor Mr. C.,
Never a night of perfect peace had he;
For, when he thought to languish into dreams,
His lady's eloquence poured forth in streams.

1. Oft heard on merry Christmas morn.
2. 'Tis second nature, poets say.
3. Sinbad by this aloft was borne.
4. This calls the warrior to the fray.
5. Upon the Aar, in Switzerland.
6. To nothing will he put his hand.
7. Oh! what is in my last, I pray!

URSUS.

No. XIII.

Three gentlemen strolling out into the west,
Out from their club, ere the sun went down,
Crossed o'er the Green Park to the one they liked best,
Which they reached, and then smoking, sat leisurely down.

1. In gardens down in Kent it grows.
2. This stream by Melbourne swiftly flows.
3. You see him with a goad and dog.
4. Its shepherd owned himself a hog.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XIV.

"All the year round his busy pen he plied,
Glad'ning the hearts of thousands far and wide:
To celebrate his praise, ye Nine descend,
And mourn with us who've lost "our mutual friend."

They sing of my *first* in the ballads of Spain.
My *second's* an isle in the old Spanish main.
My *third* was by Clovis near Poitiers slain,
As we read in the rolls of the past.
My *fourth's* Blucher's birthplace, biography says.
My *fifth* was oft tuned to the sweetest of lays.
My *sixth* much by mariners feared in old days,
When it angrily blew 'gainst my *last.*

URSUS.

No. XV.

Defends our coast
From foreign host.

1. Old clo' man.
2. Fenian.
3. Chosen band.
4. Near at hand.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XVI.

Come out, for now has autumn
  The hunter's moon begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
  We tramp with dog and gun!

Alas! of dogs and sportsmen
  We daily go in dread,
With scarce a patch of covert
  Wherein to hide the head!

1. With its bright bubbles children love to play.
2. My whole is this, you probably will say.
3. How skilfully he moulds the plastic clay!
4. It twitters merrily upon the spray.
5. He rules the State with undisputed sway.
6. 'Tis crossed by bridge and mighty iron-way.
7. How sweetly does it warble forth its lay,
8. Within the wood, at this the close of day!
9. Not very far from pretty Pegwell Bay.
10. Pharaohs of old to her were wont to pray.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XVII.

Oh; now's the time, come out of doors,
With dog and gun, to tramp the moors!
Those horrid guns with fear we view,
'Tis death to us, though sport to you.

1. Where Holbein first beheld the light.
2. A lake by great Helvellyn's height.
3. The fairies' home, in mossy dale.
4. A *nom-de-plume*, without its tail.
5. Ulysses 'scaped their tuneful wiles.
6. He raced the hare and won by "miles."

URSUS.

No. XVIII.

"Rare beauty, clothed in Nature's simplest weed."

1. A delicate fern.
2. A floral essence.
3. The sentiment of dead leaves.
4. A wise herb.

POPPIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XIX.

Oh! leave the busy, toilsome town,
This lovely autumn morn;
My *second* 'twill restore to stroll
In fields of waving corn!

We'll tread my *fifth*, that grows so green
Where cattle quench their thirst.
Beside the brook half hid from view
By alders and my *first*.

A scene more sweetly picturesque
Did ne'er my *third* behold;
'Tis like a glimpse of fair my *fourth*,
By poets sung of old.

Then to the harvest field we'll go,
The reapers brown to find,
Whose little ones, with busy hands,
From wisps of straw are making bands,
My *whole* to firmly bind.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XX.

Astronomers grave, on a bright, starry night,
Put the glass to their eye, Heaven's wonders to see;
But those connoisseurs who in good wine delight
Put the glass to their eye, fondly gazing on me.

1. A chieftain's tomb, on lonesome moor.
2. Upon the Dead Sea's desert shore.
3. At "Lord's" a fine "All-England" team.
4. Delightful on a fair wide stream.

URSUS.

No. XXI.

The plaything of kings, where the ninepins are men,
The cage where our lions and tigers we pen;
Together a superintendent we spy
Of ways, ports, and churches, or fruit for a pie.

1. I ask for the word,
2. And you give me abuse!
3. Ragamuffin I call you,
Without an excuse.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXII.

A famous French diplomatist
Said, speaking of my theme,
"They nothing learn, they nought forget;"
And so 'twould almost seem.
Should one or the other branch restore
The long though broken line,
May they forget to be austere,
And learn to be benign.

The girls of my *first* were invited in song
To "dance by the light of the moon;"
The girls of my *fifth*, at the west of the town,
At such a proposal would swoon.
For whenever my *second* of Guards or Hussars
For a dance asks a fair lady's hand,
It is not my *third* to request she will waltz
In the square, to the strains of the band.
Queen Etiquette's judges have laid down my *fourth*,
And the great British Public has passed
My *sixth*, that 'tis not *comme-il-faut* to be out
O' my *seventh*, but awfully fast.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXIII.

Oh! listen, ye bachelors, list to my lay
Of a year that contains an additional day;
For then, if alone with a lady you be,
Remember, from Etiquette's laws being free,
She has sole right and privilege, if she so choose,
To pop the great question; and, should you refuse,
She may claim, if determined the matter to press,
A plain ring of gold, or a handsome silk dress.

1. By the last minstrel sadly sung.
2. How brave in Blenheim's fight!
3. Blissful abode, when time was young.
4. Sought more than truth or right.

URSUS.

No. XXIV.

How do you like the ——— ——— at the Crystal Palace?

I wish you would go to-morrow. You must be a ——— not to be pleased, as you will hear the finest ——— singer at present in London. Our party will be ——— in number; there will be my brother ———, my sister ——— (who married the ———), and my ——— Dorothy among them. Do say ———!

POPPIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXV.*

"A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

1. The butt of Windsor's merry wives.
2. Where gladiators risked their lives.
3. Better for cutting grapes than knives.
4. No sweets he'll sip from learning's hives.
5. Applied to old King Hal.
6. A race who lived on nought but fish.
7. At Trafalgar he had his wish.
8. A banker near Pall Mall.

URSUS.

No. XXVI.

1. My forest is the cockney's hunting ground.
2. My town for two great councils is renowned.
3. My hill 'tis Dyer's muse decrees shall live.
4. To Rome a language did my country give.
5. My rock Alcides' pillar has been named.
6. My city for a widow's son is famed.
7. The London festival my name reveals.

And two great countries the above conceals.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXVII.

I love to read his stirring lays,
Wherein the story's told,
How well a Roman kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

1. A mountain revered throughout all Palestine.
2. A district of Finland where grows the dark pine.
3. The place where Old Simon kept most of his wine.
4. Across the Atlantic the scenery's fine.
5. A city of Holland that stands on the Rhine.
6. Some islands where flourish the olive and vine.
7. The duke from whom sprang our Plantagenet line.
8. The answer I'll make if you ask me to dine.

URSUS.

No. XXVIII.

When married couples are at war,
Fall out and wrangle, there we are.

1. A stately column here you see.
2. Sad tale of love's insanity.
3. Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?

POPPIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXIX.*

Hard by a stunted hawthorn bush,
My hero's workshop stands;
Its owner is a stalwart man,
With rather dirty hands,
And his *biceps* shows "development,"
And strength of iron bands.

In the dark, silent tomb, my *first* is found.
My *second* in the hall where joys abound.
If Etna e'er you see, my *third* you'll view.
My *fourth*, dear reader, is volcanic, too.
With Izaak Walton may my *fifth* be caught.
Whate'er the risk, my *sixth* with less is fraught.
Seek for my *seventh* at the busy loom,
My *eighth* where gems light up Altai's gloom.
Among the good and great, my *ninth* you'll see.
Destroy my *last*, and earth will cease to be.

URSUS.

No. XXX.

Doggy.

1. Rabbity.
2. Hotchpotchy.
3. Weedy.

PRITZ.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXI.

The Lady May was beautiful and young,
Sir Guy (her lover) gouty, rich, and old;
His very being on her accents hung.
At last, into my *first* his love he told.

Would she be his "for better and for worse?"
Would she consent to listen to his prayer?
She would, but that my *second* proved his curse,
Which he thought gave him such a youthful air.

He offered her a flower of beauty rare,
And hoped they might be friends, if nothing more.
Alas! she saw my ugly *whole* was there,
And flung his gift outside the garden door.

1. What wealth will do to found a place of lore.
2. Sweet instruments he made in days of yore.
3. This, it was said, upon "her wand she bore."

ALEX.

No. XXXII.†

My *first*, when doubled, hangs from Christmas tree.
My *last* is feared by dwellers in the sea.
My *second*, deep in earth is known to be.

My *first* and *last*, or *whole*, howe'er 'tis read,
Forms chaplet to adorn a lady's head.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXIII.*

Two British bards: the one of humble race is,
Yet much *bon ton* affects, and classic graces;
The other, Avon's Swan, and Fancy's Child,
Sweet as the dew, yet as the tempest wild.

1. A mixed metal, describing a typical age.
2. A planet adapted for man's fitful stage.
3. A Sabine Rome's senators crown.
4. A union flag, by our seamen held dear.
5. The hill where in presence Jove used to appear.
6. A short slumber, or short woollen down.
7. The sight which we see when a stage has been dressed.
8. A drama, in musical numbers expressed.
9. The sage at the siege of Troy's town.

E. C. B.

No. XXXIV.

— I am not worth my *first*, if the truth must be told,
Yet thousands prefer me to thousands in gold.
Made into my *fourth*, I could fly like a bird,
And yet might be stowed in the shell of my *third*.
Had Shakespeare's my *second* of me had a few,
He'd have cared not my *first* for that rascally Jew.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXV.

"Errors like us upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for these must dive below."

1. "Place me on Sunium's marbled ——
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die."
2. "Of the three hundred grant but ——
To make a new Thermopylæ."
3. "No! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, ——, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!"
4. "The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of ——."
5. "O ——, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me."
6. "A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born ——
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!"

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXVI.

These lines, intended merely for my *first*,
A simple tale shall tell of country life:
A maid there was, so good, and kind, and fair,
That many a swain desired her for his wife.

And one my *second* had a blue-eyed son,
A sailor-lad, who fondly loved the maid;
And by the hazel-copse, and through my *third*,
Together, hand in hand, they often strayed.

Then they were wed, but short-lived was their bliss—
Our hero's ship was bound for distant seas;
The farewells o'er, my *fourth* was hauled aboard,
And gaily rode the bark before the breeze.

The old sad tale—the gallant ship went down;
Closed the dark waves o'er many a noble head;
And all the village with the widow mourned,
For all believed her shipwrecked husband dead.

The years rolled on; a former suitor wooed
The widow, who again became a bride,
While her loved sailor, on a lonesome isle,
Mused sadly on his home beyond the tide.

At length, a passing vessel, homeward bound,
Bore the poor exile from that desert shore;
When, after many days, my *fifth* was gained,
His native village he beheld once more.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

'Twas evening, and unknown he learn'd the truth—
Like criminal he listened to his doom;
Then, like a walking dreamer, sought her home,
And, spell-bound, peered into the lighted room.

The husband chatted gaily with the wife,
In whose fair bosom a sweet infant lay.
'Twere sin, he thought, such happiness to wreck;
So, with a broken heart, he turned away.

URSUS.

No. XXXVII.

A golden star, with silver rays
One who sweetly sang its praise.

1. For bells or for waiters, 'tis all very well;
But 'tis sad when humanity shares in the spell.
2. For this light we'll make use of its transmarine name,
Though our English "Good-bye" means precisely the same.
3. I will serve under you, if you will take me.
I'm all submission; what you'd have me, make me.
4. The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
The cracking joint unhinge, and cause you pain.
5. Four milk-white bulls, the Thracian use of old,
Coupled by these, to draw the car of gold.

BEE and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXVIII.*

I'll sing you a merry song,
All out of my own pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman
Who once a year, in state,
Is brought unto the festive board,
His subjects all around,
And with a sprig of holly green
Triumphantly is crowned.

1. This stands upon the flowing Delaware.
2. The herrings caught are sold by thousands there.
3. For this decapitate a country swain.
4. A Tarragonian town in southern Spain.
5. A northern city after him was named.
6. This modern German writer's learning's famed.
7. Here "Black-eyed Susan" found the British fleet.
8. Here Tamar's waters with the Channel's meet.
9. From Bruges full eighteen miles you'll find it stand.
10. Northward of Texas, an outlandish land.
11. He built St. Mary's Church, that's in the Strand.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXIX.

Why make my *first* of my *second?*

1. The least possible.
2. Less still (doubled).
3. Including all.
4. The contrary.
5. In your head.
6. Somewhere else.
7. As small as No. 1.
8. As small as No. 2.

POPPIE.

No. XL.

(*Triple.*)

On the Downs in Holiday Time.

1. A City.

Vile Nonsense—Thrice—Dyke.

2. A Muse.

A Prefix—Rodent—Interjection.

3. A Rendering.

Poetry—Myself—Proceed.

4. A Newspaper.

Ailing—Five-yearly periods—Edward.

5. A Lady.

Yourself—Spinning—Article.

6. A Trouble.

Stop—Dog Letter—Cereal.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XLI.†

It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing bird on each my *first*, soft perfume in the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere!

Oh! 'tis a pleasant thing to be my *third* through leafy woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or, seated in my *fourth* so cool, at some my *second's* root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit!

When forth I go upon my *last*, a thousand toys are mine;
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed and the rose;
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those.

And then my *whole!* the glowing fruit! how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share;
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XLII.*

Aut Cæsar aut nullus.
Six thrice or six dice.

1. Provide for my first the food of the gods;
2. A pipe will serve for my second,
3. And, for my third, too.
4. Then let me have an after-dinner cordial,
5. With a rich bouquet,
6. And scarce.

E. C. B.

No. XLIII.

"You'll know me by my horn," said he.
Misused, my use is cruelty.
The two conjoined you seldom see,
For Snider has abolished me.

1. Nature has done her part on fields of grain.
   Without my aid, ripens the corn in vain.
2. Or, if this wind so keen and fierce should blow,
   It may have been in vain the seeds to sow.
3. Still we must be content, for, Heaven be praised!
   A heavy crop from hence this year was raised.

ALEX. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXIX.*

Hard by a stunted hawthorn bush,
My hero's workshop stands;
Its owner is a stalwart man,
With rather dirty hands,
And his *biceps* shows "development,"
And strength of iron bands.

In the dark, silent tomb, my *first* is found.
My *second* in the hall where joys abound.
If Etna e'er you see, my *third* you'll view.
My *fourth*, dear reader, is volcanic, too.
With Izaak Walton may my *fifth* be caught.
Whate'er the risk, my *sixth* with less is fraught.
Seek for my *seventh* at the busy loom,
My *eighth* where gems light up Altai's gloom.
Among the good and great, my *ninth* you'll see.
Destroy my *last*, and earth will cease to be.

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1. Rabbity.
2. Hotchpotchy.
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PRITZ.

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1. What wealth will do to found a place of lore.
2. Sweet instruments he made in days of yore.
3. This, it was said, upon "her wand she bore."

ALEX.

No. XXXII.†

My *first*, when doubled, hangs from Christmas tree.
My *last* is feared by dwellers in the sea.
My *second*, deep in earth is known to be.

My *first* and *last*, or *whole*, howe'er 'tis read,
Forms chaplet to adorn a lady's head.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXIII.*

Two British bards: the one of humble race is,
Yet much *bon ton* affects, and classic graces;
The other, Avon's Swan, and Fancy's Child,
Sweet as the dew, yet as the tempest wild.

1. A mixed metal, describing a typical age.
2. A planet adapted for man's fitful stage.
3. A Sabine Rome's senators crown.
4. A union flag, by our seamen held dear.
5. The hill where in presence Jove used to appear.
6. A short slumber, or short woollen down.
7. The sight which we see when a stage has been dressed.
8. A drama, in musical numbers expressed.
9. The sage at the siege of Troy's town.

E. C. B.

No. XXXIV.

— I am not worth my *first*, if the truth must be told,
Yet thousands prefer me to thousands in gold.
Made into my *fourth*, I could fly like a bird,
And yet might be stowed in the shell of my *third*.
Had Shakespeare's my *second* of me had a few,
He'd have cared not my *first* for that rascally Jew.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XXXV.

"Errors like us upon the surface flow;
He who would seek for these must dive below."

1. "Place me on Sunium's marbled ——
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die."
2. "Of the three hundred grant but ——
To make a new Thermopylæ."
3. "No! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, ——, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!"
4. "The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of ——."
5. "O ——, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me."
6. "A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born ——
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!"

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. L.†

See where my *whole*, all glowing now,
Tinges yon mountain's misty brow,
Spreads a rich flood of golden light
O'er all my *first* so fair and bright,
Illumes the lowly cottage pane
And fires the steeple's giddy vane.
Soon comes my *last*, and throws her veil
O'er stream and meadow, hill and dale.
The whole my *second* seems to sleep,
Save where bright stars their vigils keep

URSUS.

No. LI.

Two polished gentlemen the lights contain;
The *one* the offspring of the *other's* brain;
By his own hand portrayed his features scan
In "The Adventures of a Gentleman."

There was an old labouring my *sixth*,
Who stood sulking with his arms my *fifth*,
Refusing to work during my *fourth* time.
His fellows called out, "What has come to you, you lazy my *third?*"
And he replied, "I want to wet my whistle with my *second-first.*"

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LII.

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po;"
So Goldsmith toured, a hundred years ago.
And when of late, from town to town I ran,
With forty samples of my fellow-man,
I thought next time I'd try the older plan!

1. Soon as the evening shades prevail
   My first displays its "wondrous tail."
2. Where Handel's potent charm was lent,
   Our Hogarth's satire found its vent.
3. The best of batsmen, without doubt,
   If he is this, is all but out.
4. Down by the stream, where lilies grew,
   "A living flash of light," he flew.
5. Stern index of our daily acts,
   And stubbornest of human facts.

DOUBLEDAY.

No. LIII.

Plenteous showers
  Of freshening rain.
Gorgeous flowers
  And ripening grain.

1. Constant never.
2. Bold endeavour.
3. "Blue for ever."

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LIV.*

This is the hour when fair friends meet
And pass the time in converse sweet.

— Sluggish river my *first*, although rapid its name.
— Beware lest your rudeness my *second* inflame.
— You look down my *third* with admiring eye.
— To solve my *fourth* many often try.
— My *fifth* is an Empire as well as a seat.
— My *sixth* at the Exhibition you meet.
— With my *seventh* 'tis best to be content.
— At my *eighth* is many an evening spent.
— My *ninth* in the afternoon you pay.
And with *this* on your back you trudge away.

FRIZZLE.

No. LV.*

Three cheers for the Duke! To his park let us hie
The last Tuesday, at noon, in the month of July;
Not Doncaster, Epsom, nor Ascot, I ween,
Can rival the splendour and grace of the scene.

— My *first* collects my *second* to behold;
— My *third* the germ which may my *fourth* unfold;
— That *fourth* was Syrinx once, who fled from Pan of old.
— My *fifth*, by Cupid shot, will hearts enthrall;
— My *sixth* "mocks married men;" my *next* mocks all;
— Who will my riddle guess, my *last* no voice shall call.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LVI.

The Colosseum of the British nation.
He led the band at its inauguration.

1. A tenor who can't be relied on to sing.
2. Made famous by Dryden's satirical sting.
3. Each passes more quickly as time bends the bow.
4. The book where our friends are all placed in a row.
5. The name of a tribe that's suggestive of debt.
6. His death at the hands of King Clovis he met.
7. Miss Bateman excels as this sweet Jewish maid.
8. An island that's famed for its arrowroot trade.
9. A darkness that rapidly passes away.
10. Ceremonial question: the talk of the day.
11. When I play with the dice this game pleases me most.
12. The friend of the prince whose papa was a ghost.
13. When you come to a poor-box drop this through the lid.
14. For this at an auction the purchasers bid.
15. By Julia this maiden was churlishly chid.

SPETIOU and CRACK.

No. LVII.

My *second* sons of men, your voices raise,
To sing my *first*, these forest kings to praise,
Who o'er my woodland *third* the sway divide,
And roam together o'er the boundless tide.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LVIII.

Dear Tom,

Since the governor sent the cash over,
I've done Plymouth, and Southsea, and Hastings, and Dover.
At each of these favourite watering-places,
I've seen the same sights and I've met the same faces
As I'd seen and I'd met half a score times before,
Till the sameness became such a nuisance and bore,
I concluded to leave south; and after some doubting
As to where I should run to, to finish my outing,
I made tracks for north, and am stopping at Filey,
Where I've met our old schoolfellows, Jackson and Riley.

I've enjoyed myself much, and I find to my sorrow,
That my *first* will be o'er the day after to-morrow.
My cheeks are quite red (when I left they were pale),
This is due to the lots of my *next* I inhale;
And to strolling all day on the Brigg and the sand,
Or over my *third*, when my walk is inland.
The scenery's so lovely up here in the north,
I don't envy those leaving the British my *fourth*.
Though, unlike my *fifth*, I'm no oracle—yet
I venture to prophesy people don't get
So much for their money when they my *sixth* roam,
As they do when they quietly spend it at home.
At all events, I shan't go crossing the sea,
While my *seventh* and old England are open to me.

Now good bye, my dear Tom, and until I come back
I remain your affectionate brother John.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LIX.

The shepherd Pan will not my *first* deny,
If you give up my *next*, I answer "try;"
Put both together, and in hungry mood,
My *whole*, I warrant, you will search for food.

1. Profit no prophet seeks, should Naaman proffer it,
"Nay, man," the man would say, "no man shou'd offer it."
The ends of profit tally well with prophet,
Whiche'er you choose I promise not to scoff it.

2. Ere e'er the heir of Ayr a justice here of eyre is,
His wits he ought to air ere he a witness harries.
Ere this you guess, throw up the windows wide;
Air, give me air! the heir of Ayr may 'bide.

3. Would France, by war, redeem her reputation?
Nay, shun the notion, so shone never nation.
Will France the secret of this "light" betray?
Nay! I reply, all France will tell thee nay.

E. C. B.

No. LX.†

Come, come dear my *second*, and let us away
To my *whole* now refreshed by my *third*;
Where out of my *first* spring the flowers so gay,
And the cuckoo and thrush may be heard!"

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXI.

See, linked together in eternal fame,
"A local habitation," and "a name."

1. "Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind."
2. "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"
3. "He's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person."
4. "I see a woman may be made a fool
   If she had not a spirit to resist."
5. "Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?"
6. "Give me this,
   Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,
   Thou had'st been better have been born a dog
   Than answer my waked wrath."
7. "If" this dog "were as fleet,
   I would esteem him worth a dozen such."
8. "I, from the orient to the drooping west,
   Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
   The acts commenced upon this ball of earth."
9. "Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit."

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXII.

An ancient city, famed in story,
For deeds of daring and of glory.
The king that earliest there was crowned,
For sixteen letters is renowned.

1. Scandinavian, Saxon, German,
   My hold in Europe is a firm one.
2. Here Phœbus rests, his daily race being run.
3. On my dependencies ne'er sets the sun.
4. I was re-named by Constantine the Great,
   In anno Domini three twenty eight.
5. Of all the friends of Job, the man of Uz,
   None was so sage as he who came from Buz.
6. Directed by a torch, held high above,
   Thither the hero swam to meet his love.

ANTIQUARY and CRACK.

No. LXIII.

'Tis my *whole* on my *final*
  Left blooming alone,
Each my *first* and companion
  Is faded and gone;
Save my *second's* stone statue,
  Where sits a small bird,
No object is near to
  Re-echo her *third*.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXIV.

DEAR JANE—I've been lately so much at the butts
I'd no leisure for writing before,
So I'm sending a line just to tell you the luck
Of myself and our friends in the corps.

From Chatham, we went by the North Kent to town,
At my *third* found old Corporal Dunn;
Next on the South-Western we rattled apace,
All smoking and joking like fun.

Then we came to the station, at which we got out,
And having extinguished our thirst,
Fell in with a squad who were marching our way,
And were thoroughly charmed with my *first*.

As we neared the famed Common we found the road blocked,
Which impeded some time our advance;
Till my *second*, policeman Nought One, came in sight,
And routed the foe with his glance.

And 'twas well the police were in pretty strong force
For some low London "roughs" had come down,
And were making what they would pronounce as my *fourth*,
Having left all their H's in town.

When the firing was over we looked at the score,
And you'll see that I did pretty well;
But poor little Sniggins came off with my *fifth*,
And my *sixth* was with Blazer and Pell.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Old Corporal Dunn had a very poor score,
And so had that boastful young Wood,
With the Snider he's made some remarkable hits;
But "my *seventh*," he says, "is no good."

As we turned from the Common, up galloped my *eighth*;
Who so nobly presented the shield,
And my *ninth*, when they saw him, gave three hearty cheers.
None more loud than your own, Thomas Field.

URSUS.

No. LXV.*

Set a firm shoulder to the wheel
And Providence will aid your zeal;
If you the needful labour shirk,
A prayer will not perform your work.

1. —— est orare.
2. —— est celare artem.
3. —— —— qui cito dat.
4. Fons et —— mali.
5. —— et æs triplex.
6. Cedant —— togæ.
7. Arcus nimis intensus ——.
8. Humanum est ——.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXVI.*

Like a weir to a river it once was to thee.
Now destroyed is the weir, and thy thoroughfare free.

1. Was't through this, oh! ye lovers, Leander the brave
   Found in Hellespont stormy a watery grave?
2. The home of a painter who drew figures so queerly,
   That inscriptions he used to describe them more clearly.
3. Though we often remorselessly sweep it away,
   Of yore 'twas much used by the noble and gay.
4. Without me no creature can live, you will own,
   Yet the sad seeds of death in some thousands I've sown.
5. The land it was free, the usurper was slain,
   And a new title most of the nobles did gain.
6. Stool, necessity's child; and convenience's chair;
   Then luxury made me and stuffed me with hair.
7. With fruits is he laden, in yellow is clad,
   And his plenteous store made him joyful and glad.
8. Whene'er from the narrow straight path we might fall,
   She warns us to keep it with voice still and small.

THE SHEIK and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXVII.

Two characters in a well-known play;
You may see them performing any day,
When through the streets you wend your way.

1. Deep in the earth in Yorkshire I lie,
   And my graceful spray mounts up to the sky.
2. Mysteries these! in your library see.
3. A blot, a chick, or a fish for me.
4. I am too wise for you to guess,
   For I no English word express.

BEE.

No. LXVIII.

Oh! who would not strive to discover the fair
That form a quaternion so brilliant and rare?
Two of them are still here; two to memory dear,
North, south, east, and west a great name will appear.

1. A dowager queen, much her subjects regret her.
2. As no word will avail, please to double a letter.
3. When struck, I emit a loud harsh solemn sound.
4. Though watery her grave, yet she could not be drowned.
5. O'er each civilized land my dominions extend.
6. To an Ottoman regency now let us wend.
7. With a queen I began, with a queen I will end.

A. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXIX.

Hast thou ne'er heard that tale, so tenderly told and sweetly,
Told by that master of song, whose name may be found in my *finals?*
'Tis of the fair my *sixth*, a maid with her father dwelling
In a peaceful my *third* retreat, surrounded by forests primeval.
Many a blushing swain came unto that farmhouse wooing,
But the maiden's heart was won by the son of the village blacksmith.
There came one happy eve—the lovers were sitting together,
Pressed to his breast was she, like my *fourth* to its mother's bosom,
For the morrow was fixed to be the day of my *first* long look'd for,
When they should be united; happily then they parted.

Calmly the village slept, no fear of my *eighth* entertaining;
Their's was a peace like my *seventh*, felt ere the tempest rages,
Or like the still that reigns, ere my *second*, in terrible splendour,
Pours forth its fiery streams, dealing dread death and destruction.
For, with the morning, came to that village a party of soldiers,
Bearing a stern decree from England's king to the people,
Bidding them leave their homes, their orchards, and fields, and gardens.
Who can depict my *fifth*, felt by those hapless peasants?
Children and parents were parted, husbands and wives torn asunder,

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

And their loved village was burnt and became but a heap of ruins,
Our heroine's aged sire, borne down by his weight of afflictions,
Never more lifted his head, and thus was the beautiful maiden
Bereft, as at one fell swoop, of parent, of home, and of lover.
Forth then she went to seek him thus from her cruelly parted,
In western prairies, and where my *ninth* toiled in southern plantations,
By mountain, and river, and plain, in town and in village she sought him;
Oft came she where he had been, yet her wanderings long were fruitless,
He, too, was seeking for her, long time it was ere he found her.

Many sad years had passed, when a gentle sister of mercy
Threaded a city's streets, where pestilence dire had been busy.
Into a room she went passing 'mong sick and dying,
Who, as her shadow fell, kissed it, invoking a blessing.
As she approached one couch, its occupant that morning brought there,
Raised himself on my *last*, while she tended a neighbouring patient.
Turning, she saw his face, changed, yet so well remembered;
Quickly she sought his side, called him, he tried to answer,
But his head on her bosom fell, and thus pillow'd, his spirit departed.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXX.

From the smoky city, away with me!
To sport like my *first*, 'neath the greenwood tree;
Where the elms form my *second* to stroll beneath,
Where the bright gorse blooms and the purple heath;
Where the brave old oak doth its arms outspread,
And my *third* so tall towers overhead.
From toil we'll rest, and my *fourth* will be
'Neath the peaceful shade of the greenwood tree!

May utilitarians ne'er destroy!
May the toiling millions for aye enjoy
Those sylvan haunts, with gladness fill'd;
Where birds unmolested my *fifth* may build;
Where the lovely flowers their perfume shed,
Where the breezy elms whisper overhead,
And the poorest a welcome my *sixth* may be
'Neath the friendly shade of the greenwood tree!

URSUS.

No. LXXI.

Stop thief! stop thief! See! see the villain fly!

1. Behold the ravage of our property.
2. Cease not the clamour;
3. Nor the chase forego,

To bring to justice him our common foe.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXII.

'Twas at that pretty little place,
Upon my *second's* nearer coast,
Just opposite my *first*, a town
With spacious harbour, England's boast.

While there, one day I sought my *whole*
The better to enjoy the sea;
A charming maiden chanced that way,
And took a neighbouring seat by me.

The columns of my *third* I scanned,
And she intently reading sat;
But presently a fitful gust
Against her face impelled my hat.

I inly banned the boist'rous wind,
For wafting it so rudely there;
But could not blame the truant that
My *last* to kiss a cheek so fair.

For when I turned to humbly ask
The pardon of the blushing maid,
My heart flew to my lips, and longed
To wander where my hat had strayed.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXIII.

Each year they reach the goal midst deafening din;
Whate'er their colour, may the best crew win!

1. Didst thou not bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?
2. Her beauty claims
   No worse a husband than the best of men;
   Her virtue and her general graces speak
   That which none else can utter.
3. I all the livelong day
   Consume in meditation deep, recluse
   From human converse.
4. Observe the rule
   Of not too much, by moderation taught,
   In what thou eat'st and drinkest.

CRACK.

No. LXXIV.

My *first* a hunchback many name,
Profanely some abuse it;
My *other word* we give a dame
And ship it when we use it.

1. Both admire Mr. Kinahan's notable brand.
2. Both a box in my second would wish to command.
3. My third they both use when on travel inclined.
4. A term of my last both my words you will find.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXV.*

Recently created.
Place to obtain happy release.

1. Mine host.
2. Duty at the gate.
3. Half raving.
4. At a masquerade.
5. Equal value.
6. Peculiar.
7. For a statue.
8. A heavenly belt.
9. In the year.
10. Liqueur.
11. Fragrant wood.
12. All for Number One.

WOODLANDS and CRACK.

No. LXXVI.†

By heath and by my *first* I've passed,
By mountain, dale, and plain,
On road and river, on my *last*,
And o'er the restless main.

But yet my *second* ne'er I've found,
In home or foreign land
That I have crossed or rambled round,
With *guide-book* in my hand.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXVII.

Pretty little sisters
Are the twain I sing,
Coming out to cheer us
In the early spring;
One of virgin whiteness,
In the orchard seen;
One of paly yellow
Hides in woodland green.

1. This and my *eighth* name those flow'rs so sweet.
2. 'Tis built where the Meuse and the Sombre meet.
3. Some thirty-six miles from "Eternal" Rome.
4. A south-western town on the river Frome.
5. Though in Britain, 'tis not thirty miles from France.
6. His writings are mostly upon finance.
7. A lovely green isle in a sandy sea.

And now, the Acrostic please solve for me.

URSUS.

No. LXXVIII.

This acrostic is a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

1. To music set this, if you choose it.
2. Criticise this, while you peruse it.
3. Accomplish this, and you have done it.
4. My riddle guess, and you have won it.

TWO BLIND MICE and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXIX.

Who taught the boy of Macedon
  Who governs men himself should rule?
Who the Lycæum walked anon
  To found his philosophic school?

1. Here, as their teacher, dons installed him;
2. And this the house-tax schedule called him.
3. Plato's nucleus of creation,
   The new-school's point of separation.
4. A sickly child of "Rhetoric" I.
5. Me moderns call ontology.
6. One who sets forth with words of fire
   What men abhor or men admire.
7. The Roman Three, rebellion's caustic.
8. A satellite of our acrostic.
9. The house we live in, plead in, teach in,
   Meet in as lords, or lowly preach in.

E. C. B.

No. LXXX.

Our favourite mouser.

1. Spouts a flood.
2. Without us you can't be.
3. Of royal blood.
4. Oh! such small deer are we!

ALEX. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXI.

When wintry winds have passed away,
Ere summer's suns make all things gay,
On mossy bank, in sheltered vale,
I glad the eye, and scent the gale.

1. She rises oft before the morning sun.
2. Of Kurile Islands, this, you'll find, is one.
3. By great Napoleon my next was given,
4. Ere from this bridge the stubborn foe was driven.
5. Round this they rallied in the deadly fray.
6. On this sweet Philomel oft sings her lay.

URSUS.

No. LXXXII.*

While earth remains, was Noah told,
When from the ark God gave release,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and cold,
Summer and winter, ne'er should cease.

1. What word soe'er you name, I am not that.
2. What place soe'er you choose, I am not there.
3. Give what you will, I never stop thereat.
4. No line you use, my measure will declare.
5. Take from a hundred one and I am that.
6. I'm never seen, though you will see me here.
7. Guess at my riddle, and, if right or wrong,
Your answers doubtless to my last belong.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXIII.

Listen to the lively prattle, see the merry faces beaming;
Infancy its fête is holding on the shady village green.
Shudder at the oaths and clamour, mark the angry glances gleaming,
In yon reeking midnight chamber, where the revel's glare is seen.
Turn we now to quiet parlour, where the husband and the wife,
Business over, night approaching, pass the peaceful leisure hour;
Passing it in sweet contention, innocent, and healthy strife.
Strife at length brought to conclusion, stayed by my resistless power.
Yet once more, on pleasant heathland, 'mid the sheltering broom and fern,
Lo! a band of children sporting! I am each of them in turn.

1. Small in size, and small in value, yet a noble fortune I.
2. From beneath I rise, then downward, spreading death and fear, I hie.
3. Noblest effort of our nature, meanest effort of the knave.
4. That from which brave Poland vainly sought its patriot sons to save.

S. M. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXIV.*

Three drilled battalions meet,
Yet not in deadly strife,
To loose the war-dogs fleet,
And spill the stream of life.
No! In the sacred pile
They stand, a white-robed throng;
And through "the long-drawn aisle"
Resounds their holy song.

1. This charming maiden, one of sisters nine,
Sought to amuse with many a comic line.
2. Here go the sledges, ever and anon,
When you are on it, 'tis the lake you're on.
3. A town which in the north of Erin stands.
Was it of old the haunt of elfin bands?
4. With tangled jungles were the forts half hid,
"I'll take you!" said brave Seymour, and he did.
5. Hard sentence! My cigar to lay aside,
Or not have Anna for my loving bride.
6. In August to this seaside town we go,
Adown whose rocks a little rill doth flow.
7. An English king, whose deeds are known to fame,
A perfect lamb, in spite of lupine name.
8. This painter's surname scarcely would suggest
His birthplace by a river in the west.
9. This town, built on the Marne in days of old,
Shall long be heard of when a war tale's told.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

10. To see this play, to Drury once I went,
    With Hettie from a hamlet down in Kent.
11. In dungeon dark a dreary while he lay,
    Until, not heard or seen, he 'scaped away.
12. The square root or the quarter of sixteen
    Plus *y*, I've oft on ruins old been seen.
13. A maiden florist (named from Scott) I know,
    When asked for rake, replied "Here I've an hoe."
14. My Sarah is so cheerful, light and free,
    They often call her sal volatilé.

URSUS.

No. LXXXV.

Holy, fair, and wise is she.
Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath.

1. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
   Of Henry Lord of Masham.
2. He, woman! I say, thy husband!
   Dost understand? My friend, thy husband!
3. Pray do not mock me; I am a very foolish, fond old man.
4. I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
   Giving my judgment on the white rose side.
5. What stars do spangle heaven with so much beauty
   As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
6. Come, come! no longer will I be a fool,
   To put the finger in the eye and weep,
   While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

ALEX.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXVI.

A story to a precept wed,
These are my subject rightly read.

A man of travel, used to roam,
On foot, in parts remote from home,
One day in such a storm was caught,
That, though no saint, for once he thought
To call on Jove, in earnest prayer,
To chase the tempest from the air.
To Jove his prayer he thus rehearsed:
"Take pity on my shivering *first*;
'Tis long my *second* since I prayed,
But let not that delay thine aid.
Better my *third*, I humbly vow,
In future—only help me now."

The traveller's prayers, though loud they rise,
Appear to fail to pierce the skies;
And, since his vows were all in vain
To check the fierceness of the rain,
The traveller scoffed at Heaven's decrees.
"The gods," he muttered, "sit at ease,
And lack the power or will to mend
The evils that they please to send.
Not Jove himself can stay the force
Of this my *fourth's* all-burning course;
Nor can he on the whirlwind ride,
Nor stop the progress of the tide;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

'Tis folly, then, one's voice to raise
To Heaven, in either prayer or praise."
With this he sought a friendly wood,
To shelter him as best he could.

A robber, hidden here by chance,
Observed the traveller there advance,
And through the brushwood quickly hied,
With bow and arrow by his side.
The frighted traveller sought again
The fury of the pelting rain—
Kinder than man's; and, as he fled,
An arrow, by the robber sped,
Had nearly laid the traveller low,
But that the wet and dripping bow
Restrained the dart, and short it fell,
Although the aim was pointed well.

And now the storm was spent at last,
And all the traveller's peril past.
He sought to rest his weary frame;
He slept, and heard a voice proclaim
As follows: "Think, O mortal man,
How wise is Heaven's benignant plan.
When skies are black and tempests lower,
Mark not alone the Thunderer's power.
His kindly Providence discern,
In all his ways, at every turn;
And, if they're rightly understood,
That from my *fifth* there cometh good."

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXVII.

Take care lest by your lights too much you tell 'em,
And so, "ex luce," give too much "lucellum."

1. Steeping my senses in forgetfulness.
2. Her angel face
   As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
   And made a sunshine in a shady place.
3. Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
   Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
   Thus, with my hat, and sigh, and say "Amen."
4. I see full well
   The fire and wood; but who the lamb will give?
5. Heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous feast,
   On birthdays, festivals, and days of state.
6. Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight.
7. Like insects,
   Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

ANON.

No. LXXXVIII.

The pole is upreared on our dear village green.
The fairest my *first* shall be chosen for queen.
A sweet little birdie on ev'ry green spray,
Is singing my *second* to praise the bright day.
The saddest at heart shall respond to the bird,
The oldest shall frolic and dance so my *third*.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXIX.

Truelove. A church, sir, did you say?
Why, there is one, not many paces off,
Where lawyers on a Sunday say their prayers.
Allworthy. Do lawyers pray?
Truelove. Aye, sir, or else they're wronged;
On Sundays with an *a:* but in the week,
With an *e*, mostly.—*Old Play.*

My *second*, when your bones are hearsed,
Selects your virtues for its *first.*
If, when I dine, my *third* is good
No *fourth* can tempt me from my food.
In spring, where breathed my *fifth* its scent,
I with my *sixth* my footsteps bent.

DOUBLEDAY.

No. XC.

Two devoted friends are we.
Parted, each would useless be.

1. I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or you're a shrewd and knavish sprite.
2. Wherever you go, you follow me,
Over the hills or across the sea.
3. You may be my cousin, you may be my brother;
Whichever you are, we are this to each other.

FRIZZLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCI.

One half of my name
Is a gentle dame,
The other, my brother,
A songster of fame.
I meet him oft
On a summer's day,
Then he soars aloft,
And I fly away
To the meadow so gay,
Where, skipping and dancing
And jumping and prancing,
My *first* is at play.
Then ere 'tis dark I seek some park
Where my *third* are bounding,
With leaps astounding.
But while they leap
I fly off to sleep,
Near the nest of a mouse
By an old farmhouse,
With my *fourth* surrounding.
Next morn I hie
To the smoky town,
And you there may spy
Me settling down
On garden palings
And area railings.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

And my bright red coat
So handsome reckoned,
You oft may note
Just by my *second*
In that garden famed,
From old Thames reclaimed.

URSUS.

No. XCII.

The noble, rich, and young,
Shall their deeds remain unsung?
Doomed to a cruel fate,
Shall none our woes relate?

1. Sons of the desert love me well,
In common with the London belle.
2. Here, legends say—but are they true?"—
Through core the patriot's arrow flew.
3. When Autumn hues begin to show,
For this into the woods we go.
4. The horseman starts fresh fields to find,
But ne'er can leave dark me behind.
5. If this unlimited you choose,
Your money you may quickly lose.
6. With Jack you'll find me any day;
A source of strength, the wisest say.
7. Some men this maker's gun prefer,
Some Rigby, Purdey, Lancaster.

ALEX and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCIII.

Beautiful is the maid that glides
On summer eves through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks she hides.
Behind her litter's roseate veils.

1. Oh! the young chieftain's come out of the west.
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

2. For 'twas the morn; his upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion.

3. The moon shines bright. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And, with an unthrift love, did run from thence,
As far as Belmont; and, in such a night,
Did her young lover swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith.

4. To hear yon bird begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Where the dappled dawn doth rise.

5. On some calm blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling night and day.
Thou, for my sake, at my God's shrine,
And I, at any God's for thine.

ANTIQUARY.

No. XCIV.

Four sisters are we,
But ne'er will you see
Any two of us running together.
When one puts in her nose,
Out the other one goes,
For we cannot agree about weather.

1. Here dwelt a young heroine, first in the fight.
2. This stands where the Inn and the Danube unite.
3. How grateful is this when we've climbed a steep hill.
4. Fifty miles from St. Paulo, a town of Brazil.
5. A flourishing seat of the hosiery trade.
6. How happily here in our childhood we played.

1. Hibernian dish, with a savoury smell.
2. A beautiful part of the country of Tell.
3. The musical sire of a Duke of renown.
4. From its top on the city I like to look down.
5. A stream which near Pont-de-l'Arche enters the Seine.
6. This guides the lone vessel across the wide main.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCV.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him strike his anvil hard,
With measured beat and slow.
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

1. A dozen miles from Exeter.
2. Deceived by Jove of old.
3. Your downs I love, but not your salts.
4. Life is not this we're told.
5. Nor this its goal, our poet sings.
6. This, cried the youth so bold.

URSUS.

No. XCVI.

From ups and downs is no man's course more free.
Yet hard and dang'rous must his calling be.

1. Here was my line first marked; and by the aid
2. Of me its course was well and truly laid.
3. The twins, they say, trudged on to reach the rail;
4. This was the hour they started by the mail;
5. By this arrived. The journey was not long;
6. And in my *last* you'll be, if you are wrong.

H. W. F. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCVII.

One was the child of the eldest son,
And grandsires had not few;
The other was child of a younger son,
And only a *parvenu*.
But the latter got up to the top of the tree,
Where the former considered he ought to be;
When the whirligig turned—and they both are down,
And neither of them is worth a crown.

1. O'er parapet peeping.
2. Isle of safe keeping.
3. This an Emperor crossed
   In spite of the frost.
4. Dinna forget.
5. Here my sweetheart I met.
6. Uttered prophecies terse.
7. Put cash in thy purse.
8. No noise could be worse.

LECTOR and CRACK.

No. XCVIII.

War and Peace.

1. An early representative of both.
2. Enrols names glorious in both.
3. Called forth alike by both.
4. Cannot be commanded, but may be deserved, in both.

MINT and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXVI.

A story to a precept wed,
These are my subject rightly read.

A man of travel, used to roam,
On foot, in parts remote from home,
One day in such a storm was caught,
That, though no saint, for once he thought
To call on Jove, in earnest prayer,
To chase the tempest from the air.
To Jove his prayer he thus rehearsed:
"Take pity on my shivering *first*;
'Tis long my *second* since I prayed,
But let not that delay thine aid.
Better my *third*, I humbly vow,
In future—only help me now."

The traveller's prayers, though loud they rise,
Appear to fail to pierce the skies;
And, since his vows were all in vain
To check the fierceness of the rain,
The traveller scoffed at Heaven's decrees.
"The gods," he muttered, "sit at ease,
And lack the power or will to mend
The evils that they please to send.
Not Jove himself can stay the force
Of this my *fourth's* all-burning course;
Nor can he on the whirlwind ride,
Nor stop the progress of the tide;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

'Tis folly, then, one's voice to raise
To Heaven, in either prayer or praise."
With this he sought a friendly wood,
To shelter him as best he could.

A robber, hidden here by chance,
Observed the traveller there advance,
And through the brushwood quickly hied,
With bow and arrow by his side.
The frighted traveller sought again
The fury of the pelting rain—
Kinder than man's; and, as he fled,
An arrow, by the robber sped,
Had nearly laid the traveller low,
But that the wet and dripping bow
Restrained the dart, and short it fell,
Although the aim was pointed well.

And now the storm was spent at last,
And all the traveller's peril past.
He sought to rest his weary frame;
He slept, and heard a voice proclaim
As follows: "Think, O mortal man,
How wise is Heaven's benignant plan.
When skies are black and tempests lower,
Mark not alone the Thunderer's power.
His kindly Providence discern,
In all his ways, at every turn;
And, if they're rightly understood,
That from my *fifth* there cometh good."

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXVII.

Take care lest by your lights too much you tell 'em,
And so, "ex luce," give too much "lucellum."

1. Steeping my senses in forgetfulness.
2. Her angel face
   As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
   And made a sunshine in a shady place.
3. Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
   Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
   Thus, with my hat, and sigh, and say "Amen."
4. I see full well
   The fire and wood; but who the lamb will give?
5. Heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous feast,
   On birthdays, festivals, and days of state.
6. Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight.
7. Like insects,
   Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

ANON.

No. LXXXVIII.

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The fairest my *first* shall be chosen for queen.
A sweet little birdie on ev'ry green spray,
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The saddest at heart shall respond to the bird,
The oldest shall frolic and dance so my *third*.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. LXXXIX.

Truelove. A church, sir, did you say?
Why, there is one, not many paces off,
Where lawyers on a Sunday say their prayers.
Allworthy. Do lawyers pray?
Truelove. Aye, sir, or else they're wronged;
On Sundays with an *a:* but in the week,
With an *e*, mostly.—*Old Play.*

My *second*, when your bones are hearsed,
Selects your virtues for its *first.*
If, when I dine, my *third* is good
No *fourth* can tempt me from my food.
In spring, where breathed my *fifth* its scent,
I with my *sixth* my footsteps bent.

DOUBLEDAY.

No. XC.

Two devoted friends are we.
Parted, each would useless be.

1. I mistake your shape and making quite,
   Or you're a shrewd and knavish sprite.
2. Wherever you go, you follow me,
   Over the hills or across the sea.
3. You may be my cousin, you may be my brother;
   Whichever you are, we are this to each other.

FRIZZLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCI.

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Is a gentle dame,
The other, my brother,
A songster of fame.
I meet him oft
On a summer's day,
Then he soars aloft,
And I fly away
To the meadow so gay,
Where, skipping and dancing
And jumping and prancing,
My *first* is at play.
Then ere 'tis dark I seek some park
Where my *third* are bounding,
With leaps astounding.
But while they leap
I fly off to sleep,
Near the nest of a mouse
By an old farmhouse,
With my *fourth* surrounding.
Next morn I hie
To the smoky town,
And you there may spy
Me settling down
On garden palings
And area railings.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

And my bright red coat
So handsome reckoned,
You oft may note
Just by my *second*
In that garden famed,
From old Thames reclaimed.

URSUS.

No. XCII.

The noble, rich, and young,
Shall their deeds remain unsung?
Doomed to a cruel fate,
Shall none our woes relate?

1. Sons of the desert love me well,
   In common with the London belle.
2. Here, legends say—but are they true?"—
   Through core the patriot's arrow flew.
3. When Autumn hues begin to show,
   For this into the woods we go.
4. The horseman starts fresh fields to find,
   But ne'er can leave dark me behind.
5. If this unlimited you choose,
   Your money you may quickly lose.
6. With Jack you'll find me any day;
   A source of strength, the wisest say.
7. Some men this maker's gun prefer,
   Some Rigby, Purdey, Lancaster.

ALEX and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCIII.

Beautiful is the maid that glides
On summer eves through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks she hides.
Behind her litter's roseate veils.

1. Oh! the young chieftain's come out of the west.
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

2. For 'twas the morn; his upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion.

3. The moon shines bright. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And, with an unthrift love, did run from thence,
As far as Belmont; and, in such a night,
Did her young lover swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith.

4. To hear yon bird begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Where the dappled dawn doth rise.

5. On some calm blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling night and day.
Thou, for my sake, at my God's shrine,
And I, at any God's for thine.

ANTIQUARY.

No. XCIV.

Four sisters are we,
But ne'er will you see
Any two of us running together.
When one puts in her nose,
Out the other one goes,
For we cannot agree about weather.

1. Here dwelt a young heroine, first in the fight.
2. This stands where the Inn and the Danube unite.
3. How grateful is this when we've climbed a steep hill.
4. Fifty miles from St. Paulo, a town of Brazil.
5. A flourishing seat of the hosiery trade.
6. How happily here in our childhood we played.

1. Hibernian dish, with a savoury smell.
2. A beautiful part of the country of Tell.
3. The musical sire of a Duke of renown.
4. From its top on the city I like to look down.
5. A stream which near Pont-de-l'Arche enters the Seine.
6. This guides the lone vessel across the wide main.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCV.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him strike his anvil hard,
With measured beat and slow.
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

1. A dozen miles from Exeter.
2. Deceived by Jove of old.
3. Your downs I love, but not your salts.
4. Life is not this we're told.
5. Nor this its goal, our poet sings.
6. This, cried the youth so bold.

URSUS.

No. XCVI.

From ups and downs is no man's course more free.
Yet hard and dang'rous must his calling be.

1. Here was my line first marked; and by the aid
2. Of me its course was well and truly laid.
3. The twins, they say, trudged on to reach the rail;
4. This was the hour they started by the mail;
5. By this arrived. The journey was not long;
6. And in my *last* you'll be, if you are wrong.

H. W. F. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCVII.

One was the child of the eldest son,
And grandsires had not few;
The other was child of a younger son,
And only a *parvenu*.
But the latter got up to the top of the tree,
Where the former considered he ought to be;
When the whirligig turned—and they both are down,
And neither of them is worth a crown.

1. O'er parapet peeping.
2. Isle of safe keeping.
3. This an Emperor crossed
   In spite of the frost.
4. Dinna forget.
5. Here my sweetheart I met.
6. Uttered prophecies terse.
7. Put cash in thy purse.
8. No noise could be worse.

LECTOR and CRACK.

No. XCVIII.

War and Peace.

1. An early representative of both.
2. Enrols names glorious in both.
3. Called forth alike by both.
4. Cannot be commanded, but may be deserved, in both.

MINT and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. XCIX.

To lose my *second* is my prayer,
To *first* the pull I do not dare,
And so my *whole* I'm forced to bear.

1. For this no rule composer needs,
   But follows where his fancy leads.
2. Single of old, I now am double;
   To find me out gives pleasant trouble.
3. I'm the most needful thing in life;
   Without me you can't keep a wife.
4. I do the work of many horses,
   And fire and water are my forces.

EEL and CRACK.

No. C.†

On her cottage, by Broadwood,
Little Rosa loved to play,
Till her Pa, in wrathful mood,
Took the instrument away.

1. Must be paid for as an advertisement.
2. "Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."
3. "When undevout," observes the poet Young, "is mad."
4. You would expect to find them in abundance at Lizard Point.
5. One of the things that "should accompany old age," but occasionally doesn't.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CI.

The telescope hath brought
The distant planets near;
Through me their elements are made
To observation clear.

(*Triple Lights.*)

1. Three towns I crave for feats of arms renowned.
2. Three homely tools, with but three letters found.
3. Three female names, my third light to explain.
4. Two several parts and all a Christian fane.
5. Three learned sciences my fifth to fit.
6. Three foreign towns with English story knit.
7. Two vowels, nouns, and pronouns, like as mites.
8. And three church fête days for my final lights.

E. C. B.

No. CII.

The popular conductor waves his hand,
Directing both the singers and the band.

To my *first* a rich voice is by nature supplied.
With the price of admission my *next* is allied.
To keep well my *third*, I the audience commend.
May the books of my *fourth* show a balance to spend;
As they probably will if my *last* is well sung
By that famous my *first*, who's so charming and young.

ANON.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CIII.

Ben Battle was a soldier brave,
Of spirit and renown;
A cannon ball took off his *last*,
So he his *first* laid down.

1. The wounded warrior on his this
Shed many bitter tears;
For though Ben's heart ne'er knew alarm,
'Tis this he sadly fears.

2. Ben's fickle love he thus addressed:
"You've other sweethearts found;
You first, I sees, would this my hopes,
Then this them to the ground."

3. Alas! poor Ben went off his head,
Through this, all for his dear;
So, early on the following this
He jumped off Margate pier.

4. They pulled him out and gave him grog,
His spirits to recover;
Ben said: "You this I'm wet and drunk,
In short, I'm half this over."

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CIV.

Far had they wandered 'neath a burning sun,
Gladly my *second* saw, e'er day was done,
(Though plenty crowned the board, my *first* was plain,)
Then started on their weary march again.
But when they thought upon their native shore,
They sigh'd, and softly breathed my *whole* once more.

1. Made by man I'm deepest, strongest;
   Made by time I last the longest.
2. If you had this you'd say, "Oh, what's the matter,
   I shake, I shiver, and my teeth will chatter."
3. My source is in some lonely hill-side nook,
   From whence I murmur on to join the brook.
4. My source, oh, who can tell? What master mind
   The key to that dark mystery can find?

ALEX.

No. CV.†

Monarch of all I survey am I,
Though what is my *fourth* but books so dry;
Quarto, my *second*, or folio
On dusty shelves, in a musty row.
Out of all my *third*, for no female hand
Ever dares to invade my happy land.
With Mistress Minerva I well agree,
But Cupid shall ne'er bend his *first* at me.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CVI.

I'll tell you a good long tale,
  Which I beg you'll think upon,
Of a fine old British gentleman
  Whose name was peaceful John;
And of two of his large family,
  Who lived the other side
Of a fine large sheet of water,
  Where his fine large boats did ride.

One's name was North, the other's South,
  And oft, like lads of mettle,
They'd with their father have a breeze
  My *first* could scarcely settle.
For when he tried to still the storm,
  These plucky lads replied
That all my *second* was upon
  Their worthy parent's side.

At last these youngsters got to words,
  From words they came to blows;
Soon North appear'd with damaged eye,
  And South with broken nose.
Then, going to the waterside,
  They each a boat did take,
Determining to have my *third*
  On the margin of the lake.

Now, John loved both the fighting lads,
  And, though it grieved his heart,
Knew nothing he could say or do
  Would make them come apart;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

So each my *fifth* on his estate
He charged, in orders clear,
To let the combatants alone,
And not to interfere.

Yet some cared nought for what he said,
But sent out in the night
My *fourth*, a nasty little boat,
'Gainst some of North's to fight;
And North blamed all upon his Pa,
And said, "I tell yer trew,
When mightily I've thrash'd that South,
I'll reckon up with yew."

So, when the fight was over,
North sent his sire a note,
Demanding sums of money
To mend his broken boat;
But as the old man's best my *first*
With North's could not agree,
Some people feared my *sixth* and last
Would very lasting be.

Old John then asked some gentlemen,
Who lived on his estate,
Across the water wide to go,
And set the matter straight;
And so the High Commissioners
Met friendly face to face;
And my *former* on my *latter*
In John's famed House took place.

June, 1871. URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CVII.

Some books should be tasted, so says Bacon;
Some like a dose of medicine be taken;
Some by the tongue be rolled as luscious food,
And to be well digested some are good.
Good, bad, or so-so, medium, large, or small,
On books I banquet, and I love them all.

1. 'Twas in August, 1702, that I came up with the French under Admiral Ducasse, off St. Martha, in the West Indies. For four days I kept up a running fire, though deserted by the rest of my squadron. On the 24th, my legs and thighs were smashed by chain-shot; but I still directed the fight, and saw the enemy sheer off. I ordered pursuit, but my officers refused to obey.—*English History.*

2. A robber lived at the mouth of the Nile, who was the offspring of an imp, and possessed the wonderful power of being able to restore any of his limbs, or even his head, if cut off in an encounter. Astolpho was informed that the magic power of this brigand resided in a certain lock of hair, and with the loss of this elf-lock the man would die. Armed with this knowledge, he went to encounter the magician, severed his head from his body, cut off every lock of hair with his sabre, and flung the head into the Nile.—*Orlando Furioso*, viii.

3. One of the Paladins of Charlemagne, at the age of 100, being carried away by Morgue the Fay, was presented with a ring which ensured perpetual youth and a crown of

past forgetfulness. Having lived in Avalon another century, Morgue sent him to defend France from a horde of Paynims. He beat back the invaders, and the queen offered him her hand and crown; but he returned to Avalon, and has never since appeared among men.—MORRIS, *Earthly Paradise.*

4. I was murdered at Clente-in-Cowbage, Gloucestershire, but the murder was miraculously notified at Rome the same hour by a white dove, which alighted on the altar, and left there this distich:

In Clent-cow pasture, under a thorn,
Of head bereft, lies one king-born.

—*Roger of Wendover.* E. C. B.

No. CVIII.*

Flows the full tide of fashion daily there,
When April verdure springs in Belgrave-square.

1. Subject to fashion.
2. The plumage of fashion.
3. The changer of fashion.
4. Dispensers of fashion.
5. The ceremony of fashion.
6. An ache in fashion.
7. Always in fashion.
8. An aid to the toilet of fashion.
9. Often a victim to fashion.

BADSZAJADEE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CIX.†

One summer's eve with dear my *third*
I wandered by the river side,
My *second* and the willow-herb
Bedeck'd the margin of the tide.

My *fourth* from heaven fell soft and warm,
My *first* were bidding sweet adieu
To Sol, who, bathed in gold, went down,
When from my breast my *whole* I drew.

I scanned it o'er, then quickly said:
"I must be gone, my heart's own queen,
I shall not get to town to-night,
Unless I catch the eight-fifteen."

URSUS.

No. CX.

A king, a warlike potentate,
Exalted to this higher state.

1. What few men are, but many claim to be.
2. This means submission to the Deity.
3. In darkness men by this their way descry.
4. That I have eyes the poets all deny.
5. What many do on insufficient grounds.
6. A voice that utters deep melodious sounds.
7. A name which sometimes has to war been given,
   Perchance the name by which 'tis known in heaven.

S. G. C. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXI.

Oh! now's the time, my dear Miss Sarah Brown,
To leave the country and run up to town.
My *fifth* of oddities you'll there behold,
The grave, the gay, the bashful, and the bold.
Some scarce worth twopence, some with heaps of gold,
In various my *fourth* both new and old.
About my *sixth*, just stroll down Regent Street,
Numbers of fair my *first* you there may meet;
Or into Hyde Park at my *second* go,
And ramble round or ride in Rotten Row;
Then off till five at fête or flower show,
Or taking carriage-drive to get a blow.
And in the evening possibly you'll stray
To concert, entertainment, ball, or play.
Some opera to hear, perchance my *third*,
With Prima Donna warbling like a bird.

URSUS.

No. CXII.

"Flora gave me fairest flowers.
None so fair in Flora's bowers."

1. My lights in the gloom of a fog you may see,
2. And the ploughman, as homeward he plods, in the lea.
3. In the osier I 'bide as it stands in the mead.
4. In the wand of the Fairy or weak thistle weed.
5. With the eagle I hie when her eyrie she seeks.
6. And the red-breasted robin my favour bespeaks.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXIII.

A dream's similitude! a well-told tale,
Where fiction sweet and sweet truth both prevail.

1. This Christian must, with vanity, forsake,
   Ere he can progress in his journey make.
2. These cast aside, he seeks the "wicket gate,"
   And at my house will next instruction wait.
3. That paradise which fools and infants throng,
   Is past for thee who now know right from wrong.
4. Foes will their path beset who heavenward run,
   But all combined are centered in this one.
5. The journey o'er, to me you come at last,
   Angels shall waft you home, this trial past.
6. Lo! at the heavenly gate sits one unknown,
   Him in the lake I saw by angels thrown.
7. Received at last, to thee shall then be given
   What no hands built, prepared for thee in heaven.
8. What spirits these the cherub host among?
   Rapture divine impassionates their tongue.
   Six wings they bear, twain for excursion meet,
   Their face with twain they hide, with twain their feet.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXIV.†

How still, how hushed the hallowed morn!
No discord harsh disturbs the breeze;
1. But tuneful peals, from belfry borne,
Blend with the voice of rustling trees!

Peace o'er the city seems to brood,
The roar and tumult now are still,
2. As when of old, a maid subdued
Fierce lion to her gentle will.

3. No weary workmen toil about,
No waggoners now urge the team,
No milkmaids sing, no schoolboys shout,
All's calm as in a peaceful dream.

URSUS.

No. CXV.

Two poets see, in glory unsurpassed,
Whether for "oaten stop" or epic blast.

My *first* implies a barbarous depredation.
My *next* on reason based man's reformation.
My *third* loves anarchy and altercation.
My *fourth* would cut him off by strangulation.
My *fifth* a hint conveying condemnation.
My *last* a song of slanderous defamation.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXVI.

'Twas in the golden autumn time,
The whole my *second* seemed to smile,
When merry Margaret and I
From Oxford strayed to stroll awhile.

We sought my *first*, beneath its oaks
And by the flowing Thames to rove,
And where my *third* of blithesome birds
Sang sweetly in a hazel grove.

The boughs their bright brown burden bore,
That looked so tempting and so nice;
While handing one to Margaret
I named my *whole*, a fragrant spice.

URSUS.

No. CXVII.*

Abolished.
Held by "an officer and a gentleman."

1. Sweet.
2. Brown.
3. Painful.
4. Single-blessedness.
5. Heterodox.
6. White.
7. Make-believe.
8. Pointed.
9. Warmed-up.
10. Annuals.
11. Outside.
12. All.
13. Golden.
14. Snow-capped.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXVIII.

I met my love one summer day,
When lo! she coldly turned away.
The maid, I quickly saw, perplexed,
For very waywardness was vexed.
"What," thought I, "would the doctor-tribe
In such mysterious case prescribe?
I've heard wise men of science tell
Trust nature to make patients well."
So, feigning not to steal a look,
I hummed a tune, I skimmed a book.
When chance at length my eye directed
To where my love had sat dejected.
Behold, a little finger beckoned,
My *first* had put to flight my *second*.

1. The wit of those persons whose humour is scorn.
2. A cracker of jokes, and a grinder of corn.
3. A promise, or all but a promise to pay.
4. To this, says the distich, give seven hours a day.
5. And then, towards its close, when the hamlet is still,
   Take a turn at my riddle; 'twill yield to your skill.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXIX.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
An angel, yet a doctor, too;
A creature not too weakly good
To lance our gums, or dock our food;
For daily visits, Christmas bills,
Drops, drachms, grains, scruples, draughts, and pills.

1. There's nought which does her soul so vex
   As when this title's given her sex.
2. Two-thirds of what, all night, she burns;
   (For sleep, in medicine's cause, she spurns).
3. And then, each day, from nine till one,
   She gets four hours' dissecting done.
4. Sedate, and bent on her profession,
   She still maintains her sly expression.
5. And shrewdly says, "'Twere much amiss,
   Were I to serve my kind for this."
6. And so, "when anguish wrings the brow,"
   She gets no end of guineas now.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXX.

Here sylvan shade and forest wide,
There sandy shore and ocean tide.

1. Millions of tongues record thee! and they say
   "Our countrymen were warring on that day."
2. Her fabled tears flow o'er the country round,
   And thus, sweet legend, fertilise the ground.
3. A princely fortune was amassed by me,
   Through pulling hard at the pagoda tree.
4. She begged for three months respite, and the while
   Erected, valiant queen, her funeral pile.
5. Emblem of speed, I aid you in the chase,
   And urge the losing horse in every race.
6. He boasted he could conquer everything,
   Then died, 'tis said, of a mere scorpion's sting.
7. A little child, by Nature's kindly law,
   Is pleased with me, or tickled with a straw.

MAIDENHAIR and CRACK.

No. CXXI.

The nimble-footed Prince of Wales was my whole.

1. Some people would call me this
2. But I laugh at them like this } says my whole.
3. For my spirits never do this

H CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXII.

No country like Old England such can boast,
Though other lands may show a larger host.
Let them display their strength, if any dare,
They'll find us ready with this glorious pair.

1. No battle wound inflicts severer pain;
   The most courageous are afraid of me.
2. In thickest fight I in the front remain,
   And help to bring you through victoriously.
3. Whether you win or in the war be slain,
   I may be used to blazon forth your praise.
4. And from my ranks, called from their fields of grain,
   Many as brave will strive their names to raise.

RUSTIC.

No. CXXIII.

Two queens in our historic page
The pens of champions oft engage:
One cold and swarth, one fair and bright;
But truth, with its relentless light,
Decrees that they for ever stand
With blood upon each "little hand."

1. The word, when a secret to friendship's ear comes.
2. Like the mouth of an infant, a desert of gums.
3. A towel; and also a game that we play.
4. Died last night at twelve, of a simple decay.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXIV.*

What with prudence can't be cured,
Should with patience be endured;
Resist not ills in angry mood,
But evil overcome with good.

If my advice you follow, you need not hold my *first* in fear.
You cannot follow my advice and, like my *second*, insist on the last word.
Rather imitate my *third*: Yield when beaten, and the wound will quickly heal again.
Take my *fourth* patiently, and never give it to another.
My *fifth* you should make for others, but never for yourself.
The Sabine king of Rome (my *sixth*) has set you a good example.
Follow it, and you need never fear the reproach of my *last*.

E. C. B.

No. CXXV.

"Perhaps the most perfect stanzas in our language."
—*Palgrave.*

1. "Each in his narrow cell for ever laid."
2. "Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."
3. "And leaves the world to darkness and to me."
4. "A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown."
5. "The short and simple annals of the poor."

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXVI.

When the sun has entered my *second*,
  In the month of my *fourth*, July,
In shadiest wood I hide me,
  Or under the hedge-row lie,

Till, beneath the far west horizon
  He sinks, robed in crimson light;
Then I creep from my place of hiding
  To light up my beacon bright.

And nightly you there may see me,
  Till my *third*, when the swallows flee,
My gay little lantern shining,
  To guide my true love to me.

When my *first* the east comes over,
  My light I put out, and creep
Again to my leafy covert,
  Where all the day long I sleep.

URSUS.

No. CXXVII.

The harvest's all gathered ere comes the chill blast,
And my *first* is all stored in the barn or my *last*.

1. A great Italian statesman.
2. Ginevra's aged sire.
3. A celebrated sculptor.
4. Snug corner by the fire.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXVIII.*

The great Field-Marshal! and the fearful fight
Which rescued Europe from a tyrant's might.

1. Term of reproach to many an artist's work.
2. The theologic jurists of the Turk.
3. The doughty champion of a gentle dame.
4. Youth who in Ireland fanned rebellion's flame.
5. Engagement token of ill-omen found.
6. A slave or tyrant as my power is bound.
7. A field of glory, where brave hearts repose.
8. To serve my Queen, I dance on nimble toes.
9. Reason's perfection called in present age.
10. World-famous through Italian poet's page.
11. Low in the scale of animal creation.
12. I've entered, but as yet am on probation.
13. This often causes youthful brains to ache.
14. Four-sided figures may this title take.
15. A Roman lady, who deserted stood.
16. Do not pronounce me, if the offer's good.

GRANNY and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

CXXIX.

My *first* is object of a father's care.
My *last* incloses many a lady's hair.
My *whole*, as tender as the coo of doves,
My *first* sends to my *second* whom he loves.
Whichever way you read me, it is plain,
Both *first* and *last* my *whole* will still contain.

URSUS.

No. CXXX.

In these initial letters, we
The prince of Latin poets see;
His birthplace, 'neath Italian skies,
The finals aid us to surmise.

1. A city for its abbey famed,
   From Britain's earliest martyr named.
2. The knife was held to maiden's throat,
   When lo! she changed into a goat.
3. Beware of crossing, lest thy fate
   Cause thee regrets that come too late.
4. The voice, "like small voice of a bird,"
   Singing of Fortune's wheel he heard.
5. In Luneberg I am one of three,
   And tribute to the Elbe pay we.
6. In lesser Asia's fertile plains
   A church of which no trace remains.

ANTIQUARY and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXXI.

My proper home is in the highest spheres,
Yet do I tarry in this vale of tears.
Use only one, or use me not at all,
Lest you should suffer from an awkward fall.

1. I seize the noblest thing man calls his own,
   And lo! 'tis ruined, and its glory flown.
2. Eight brothers have I; and, beneath the sun,
   Where is the man who'll say he is not one?
3. An old man of Tobago felt much bliss
   When doctors said, "You need not live on this."
4. 'Tis not safe to be honest; and from hence
   I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
5. Her golden ringlet waved, her hair behind
   Flowed loosely down to dance upon the wind.

MEGAN and CRACK.

No. CXXXII.

When babes are wrapt in slumbers deep,
And little birds are fast asleep;
Then mice from out their crannies creep,
And we our nightly revels keep.

1. Symbol of Sovereignty.
2. Old Sussex town.
3. He at King Arthur's round table sat down.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXXIII.

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day,
  Through London's wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
  That led them through Cavendish-square.

"Dear mamma," said the child, "do observe that poor boy,
  So ragged, and pale in the face;
Let us give him a penny, and witness his joy,
  As his steps to the baker's he'll trace."

"I'm surprised at you, Ann," said her parent so kind,
  "Yonder mendicant's clearly a cheat,
And, your blue-books will tell you, you ought to be fined
  If e'er you give alms in the street."

1. A fruit over which you will make wry faces.
2. Though not the "fruit of life" my fruit implores us to live.
3. Acorns are my fruit.
4. My inside is fruit.
5. Fruits of carelessness.
6. The fruit of good breeding.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

CXXXIV.

My *first* is where the fishes live,
My *second* goes to catch 'em.
My *whole* the proper time will give
To thrash your stacks or thatch 'em.

Parable for my first light.—Four brothers we: one was apprenticed to a fisher; one was a modern Cæsar, but had discarded Russia's Czar; one was a dicer's friend; and one took to making spectacles. The ends of my first and last I like so well that I have adopted them; but certain detectives, set to watch my third, second him; and the culprit being brought to the bar was found to belong to Fullam.

Parable for my second light.—Five British subjects were drawn up in line; amongst them were you and I. The two who stood on my right and left ran away to the woods, where Pan gave them asylum. The hue and cry was raised, "Catch 'em! Catch!" but only a faint whisper of the last two letters of the last word reached the woods. These father Pan gave to the fugitives for their slaves, and they have kept the handmaids between them ever since.

Parable for my third light.—The satellite of the five vowels, which, like the queen's coachman, always goes before his betters.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXXV.

The musician's best pair of shoes.

1. To hit is sweeter than to miss,
   Yet friends will always grudge you this.
2. A man who ever growls and barks;
   (The last was one of his remarks).
3. To married men the joy's unknown
   To sit and smoke by this alone.
4. I think it's easier and better
   If this be written as one letter.
5. Carlyle this town for ever damns
   As the metropolis of shams.
6. A lady who once kept a school,
   But let her scholars play the fool.
7. Unless his pieces make a hit,
   A manager comes down with it.
8. A naughty word which Yankees use;
   My hinting more you must excuse.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXXVI.

Near the kitchen fire I love to be.
The kitchen shelf is the place for me.
And yet together we're often seen
On the grassy field or the village green.

We left my *last* for my *second* bound,
But just as we passed the Nore
It fell my *first*, and with such a fog
As my *sixth* never saw before.

Our skipper stormed, for my *fourth* was he,
And he could not brook delay;
But after awhile up sprang the breeze,
And we gaily bore away.

Then we sailed till we'd cleared the Dardanelles,
When straight for my *fifth* steered we;
But half way there, on my *third* we ran,
Near the shores of the Euxine Sea.

URSUS.

No. CXXXVII.

Extremes meet,
Bitter and sweet.

1. Fasten it tight.
2. 'Tis such a height.
3. A modest "light."
4. Before the night.

FRIZZLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXXXVIII.

My *first's* the quality of hand
That bid those granite pillars stand;
And marks the genius of the ar-
chitect who planned the famous mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

Here can you purchase what you wish,
To make my *next*—a Spanish dish—
Gathered from gardens near and far,
To find a buyer at the mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

Or if you have no cash to spend,
Still thither you your way may wend,
And be my *third*, to view the gar-
den produce in the famous mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

And when my *fourth* you've wandered through,
I doubt if you will ever view
A more convenient spot for bar-
ter than the celebrated mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

Alas! my *fifth* must now relate
The sadly discontented state
Of those who say my *whole's* not lar-
ge 'nough to be the only mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

My *sixth* has so increased of late,
Some salesmen say they will migrate;
'Twould be a pity; but *che sa-*
ra sara in the famous mar-
ket place that we have got in Town.

CRACK.

No. CXXXIX.

Little bird, with sauce of bread,
Welcome to my humble shed!
I have roamed the livelong day
With my gun of newest build;
I have blazed and blazed away
But with no returns of killed:
Yet, by my *whole* thou hast been shot,
And, victim of my skill, or not,
Little bird, with sauce of bread,
Welcome to my humble shed!

1. An important part of my gun.
2. The probang of my first (curtailed).
3. Briefly, all the other parts.
4. What the old flint and steel now is.
5. Contains the projectile.
6. A particular kind of trigger.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXL.

My *first* was the badge of a Swedish sedition,
But dyed in my *last* is the churchman's ambition;
My *whole* steeped in venom, the Hecate of fable,
And Cain had his share when he rose against Abel.

My *first* has great wealth in expectancy laid;
His capital, always most vainly displayed,
Is as duly tabooed as a "kite" is in trade.

For my *second* a queen of Great Britain shall come;
Two attendants I want, both of which are quite dumb
And worthless for all that is sound, as a thrum.

For twenty-eight pounds my *last* factor is bought;
But if in three parcels my total is wrought,
The middle of all would be equal to naught.

E. C. B.

No. CXLI.

Last summer while down by my *first*
I frequently strolled on the pier;
My *whole*, fraught with ozone to breathe,
The band's martial music to hear.

And once as I listening stood
Costa's march in my *second* I heard,
Selections from "Norma" and "Faust,"
And from "Martha," a charming my *third*.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXLII.

The historian of the Consulate
Is now the helmsman of the State.

1. I know not how to tell thee what I am;
   The fox barks not when he would steal a lamb.
2. Repute and shame from no condition rise;
   Act well your part, there all the glory lies.
3. 'Gainst Heaven's hand or will I argue not,
   But still bear up, nor bate of hope a jot.
4. Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
   Becomes a virtue in the learned or brave.
5. Shrine of the great and holy! can it be
   That this is all that now remains of thee?
6. The cloud that rises from the kindling fires
   Is seen this moment, and the next expires.

CRACK.

July, 1871.

No. CXLIII.†

A warning from the wainscot.

1. When off Ben Nevis wholesome is and good.
3. My third, too, is a known nutritious food.
2. And though these two are scarce harmonious reckoned,
   You may take half of each to make my second.
4. This is the sound my whole's supposed to make.
5. And this the cry of those it keeps awake.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXLIV.

Between noes and ayes a strange contest arose;
The question that set them unhappily wrong
Was if "aye" (*I*) should be *a*, as all the world knows.
These pleas, if you please, to my pleadings belong.

1st Count.

"Led by the noes the House," said I;
And to the Bench was sent.
"But sure your lordship knows that nose
Is not the noes I meant."
I to the jury turn, and must abide,
By noes or nose, as they the case decide.

2nd Count.

A count's account was due in May;
A fellow standing by
Declared he saw his lordship pay;
I cried, "Most obvious lie."
A libel this or not? There lies the hitch,
An obvious fact or obvious fiction, which?

3rd Count.

"I paid the sum," the count averred;
But still remains a doubt:
"I paid thee some," is that the word,
Or "paid the sum" throughout?
Reader, we must leave to thee,
If sum or some it is to be.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Judgment.

The judges all in conclave sat,
To weigh a point so grave,
And, after stating this and that,
Their solemn judgment gave:
"That ayes is eyes, if noes is nose."
So ayes or eyes the case must close.

E. C. B.

No. CXLV.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
My *first* will do my *second* every day,
My *third* will have my *fourth* (*vide* the play).

1. Collected from all simples that have virtue.
2. Could I but line one of their hands. 'Tis gold
That buys the right of entrance.
3. Creeps in a petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.

1. I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
2. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
3. This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in 's father; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXLVI.

The strangest mode of cultivation
That e'er disgraced a Christian nation.

1. For this the youthful lawyer sighs in vain.
   Be it, or all your wit's not worth a grain.
2. Up this our soldiers pressed, each step in blood,
   On it, at last, the conquering heroes stood.
3. Then this they planted, a victorious sign;
   May it, as now, be e'er your pride and mine.
4. On this the sailor lies and furls the sail,
   From it, the villain dangles in the gale.

EEL and CRACK.

No. CXLVII.

(*Triple.*)

Solve my riddle, sirs, and then
You shall know the Cornish men.

1. The stout ship, Birkenhead, lay hard and fast,
   Caught without hope, upon a sudden rock;
   Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
   The spirit of that shock.
2. O, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love,
   That makes the world go round.
3. And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
   A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
   Of finer form, or lovelier face.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXLVIII.

The bard "Achilles' wrath" who sung.
Philosopher of honeyed tongue.

1. In Salem when the Shepherd king
   Bore undivided sway;
   To me he loved, inspired, to sing
   At close and break of day.

2. The bird of wisdom next behold,
   (To Athens Pallas brought her);
   Which Denmark's queen Ophelia told
   Was once "a baker's daughter."

3. The goddess who no mother had,
   For beauty's palm who strove;
   And ripe in years with armour clad,
   Sprang from the head of Jove.

4. The Sheffield author of "The Ranter,"
   Merchant of modern times;
   Cobden of verse, the people's chanter,
   Crabbe of the "Corn-law Rhymes."

5. The Paladin of Charles the Great,
   Who fell at Roncesvaux;
   No man, as chroniclers relate,
   Could such a mort-note blow.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXLIX.

Their business was to serve their Lord
With songs to hymn his praise.

1. A noble peer on me reposes,
   He rises, speaks, and sometimes dozes.
2. Woman once, with lofty brow,
   Changed into an insect now.
3. Dwelling strange of sage of old,
   Who into slavery was sold.
4. Ruined castle, tourists' haunt,
   When over Cornish ground they jaunt.
5. Let us lave our weary feet
   Where the earth and ocean meet.

CAROL and URSUS.

No. CL.

A brave and handsome cavalier,
By James II. made a peer.

1. His brethren roused he with soul-stirring lay.
2. What makes your drawing-room look so bright and gay?
3. Unpalatable truths the prophet told.
4. A mighty hunter he in times of old.
5. This of the loved one fills his fevered brain.
6. What many aim at, and but few attain.

ALEX.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLI.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
Merry Mistress Meg,
'Bout a brace o' baby boys
Born in an egg.

When the egg was open'd,
Boys began to sing;
One grew great upon "the turf,"
T'other in "the ring."

1. 'Mid water-weeds I spend the summer day.
2. The theme of many an ancient classic lay.
3. How very pleasant in a charming bay.
4. To man why 'tis denied let Darwin say.
5. Where hundreds went to see the Passion Play.
4. From Ghent some five-and-twenty miles away.

URSUS.

No. CLII.

For pithy speech its citizens were famed;
The eye of Greece, after the blue-eyed named.

1. Fought for supremacy with my second.
2. Follower of the philosopher of my second.
3. Unknown to the architects of my second.
4. Vies in art treasures with my second.
5. The misanthrope of my second.
6. The citadel of my second.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLIII.

Genius rare.
Maiden fair.

1. Yes, this small bud which now you scarce can see,
   May yet with thick-leaved branches shelter thee.
2. Upon the stage or off this name must be
   Ever suggestive of conspiracy.
3. The sun has set, and closed is every flower;
   All nature seems to rest in this still hour.
4. All silent lies this silvery mountain lake,
   Save when the wild deer comes his thirst to slake.
5. Proudest of worms that crawl on this proud earth,
   Proud of thine azure blood, thy land, thy birth.
6. Expelled from me, poor sinful man must roam,
   Never on earth to find so fair a home.

ALEX.

No. CLIV.

In winter's *chill* my first you meet,
My *second* in the summer's heat.

1. The ding dong tolls the knell of parting day:
2. By brake and fern the herd winds o'er the lea;
3. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
4. And leaves the world to reverie and me.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLV.*

The marble breathes, the canvas glows.
The leader amidst his band.

1. The rod of Bacchus.
2. Brothers three.
3. Printers of beautiful editions.
4. Prominence by chisel.
5. Gives each thing view.
6. In the land of the rising sun.
7. One of the band.
8. Archbishop and architect.
9. Mahomet's lion of God.
10. Mercury's wand.
11. Famed for white grottos.
12. Last of twelve.
13. A celebrated dame.
14. The musical statue.
15. Like frothy billows.

MINT and CRACK.

No. CLVI.

They seem made for one another.

1. I urged, and saw the tear-drop fall.
2. We should unite our hearts, our all.
3. Clara, my life, my love, my bliss!
4. She sealed acceptance with a kiss.

DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLVII.

I felt very queer, so they fetched Doctor Young,
He pulled out his watch, and I put out my tongue;
Then, feeling my pulse, gravely shaking his head,
And taking some snuff, he thus pompously said,
(When nearly five minutes he'd pondering stood,)
"Take this, my young friend, it will do you much good."

1. A worthy man, and most upright,
   With virtues not a few;
   Though when on board he walks not straight,
   But always goes askew.

2. A shepherd, one of twice six sons,
   And valiant in the fight;
   But, like his name in Latin read,
   His conduct was too light.

3. A northern university,
   And very ancient town,
   Whose name by Sambo was pronounced
   When Sarah tumbled down.

4. This light, when read with double head,
   Through streets is called alive;
   But (stranger tale) with double tail
   It hath of quarters five.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLVIII.

Let sages profound
Say what is a pound,
And what is a kilogram;
Whether weight shall be troy,
Or avoirdupois,
I do not care a dram.

Provided they sell
Measure pressed down well,
I care not for such fal-lals,
Nor whether I buy
By the dozen, or try
To bargain in decimals.

Commissioners by warrant in eighteen sixty-eight
On the condition of my *first* did long deliberate.
They of my *next* made many a one; my *third* they studied well
(Published by learn'd Society), as their my *fourth* will tell,
Which shows the *fifth* of all their work by none can be denied,
And points out where the present *sixth* may well be modified.

CRACK.

No. CLIX.†

I make it, says the lady.
I lie there, says the pet.

I praise
I love
I feel
} says the lover.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLX.*

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was nearly two,
He had nothing to do,
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.
Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
And he asked, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray did your lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said:
"Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"
Tim looked up and Tim looked down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
Then he said: "Your lordship can't have forgot
That this afternoon there's my *first* to be shot."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
And cried: "I'll go down with young Jenks of the Blues.
You and I (my *second*) will drive to the *third*,
If he's not at the club we can leave for him word
Where we have gone,
And to follow us on."

So my Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab,
(Dark rifle green with a lining of drab,)

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Along Pall Mall and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace,
And pulled up in St. James's-square.
He found Sir Carnaby Jenks was there,
And quite at my *fourth*, so off went the pair.
Westward afar,
Through Belgravi-a,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car.
He alights at the door,
Finds my *fifth*, or perhaps more,
Of his friends and my *sixth* in the *seventh* promenading
With several ladies who're "doing" the garden.
And while Tim puts up the *eighth* trotting mare
That rattled so quickly through street and through square,
Jenks bows here, and my Lord nods there.
Then without any more my *ninth*, both he
And his bosom friend Sir Carnaby,
Took themselves off to the walnut tree
Just as the clock was striking three.

There stood —— —— the handicapper,
And there stood the puller, and there stood the trapper,
Who popped the blue rocks
Each into a box,
With their tails cut off, as is quite orthodox.
Poor little birds! just fancy their fright!
Like that of my *tenth* in the play of Twelfth Night,
Whose funk gave the knight
Such a deal of delight,
That he married Maria, her wit to requite.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Enough! no more; I would fain draw a veil
O'er a scene that makes outraged humanity quail.
In truth, I can scarcely *eleventh* my eyes,
When I see that Englishmen patronise
Such a sport, (if sport it can be named,)
And that English women are not ashamed
To look on while doves are thus slaughtered and maimed.

Fast and furious grows the fun
'Midst cries of "I'll take three to one!"
"I'll lay it." "Done!"
"I back the gun,"
And my Lord lost my *twelfth*—abouty fifty "pun."
But then of my *thirteenth* he was one;
And his purse was large, though his brains were small,
And the money didn't matter at all,
His means were so ample.
But then the example,
That's where gambling is wrong in a man of his caste,
And his loss served him right for doing my *last*.

The church clock now struck half-past six,
And the voice of the trapper was heard,
"By Jingo! we're in a reg'lar fix,
We hain't got another bird."
What was to be done? It was perfectly plain
The pigeons could not be shot over again;
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to dine,
And forget his light purse in a bottle of wine.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXI.

Double twins, and ev'ry brother
Turns his face towards another;
And, a cardinal though each is,
Not one wears red hat, or preaches.

1. My coat's so ragged this peeps through.
2. A hundred years ere a flower blew.
3. I've only five, and specs' one needs.
4. A stream that flows through flow'ry meads.

1. How charming these of singing bird!
2. At the Crystal Palace sometimes heard.
3. "Gallant and good," by Nelson called.
4. From flowing stream 'tis rudely hauled.
9. The early home of Currer Bell.

And now can you my riddle tell?

URSUS.

No. CLXII.

If affection you would earn,
For my *first* my *last* return.

1. To show me this is not polite.
2. I am just fifty-one.
3. In the desert, joyful sight.
4. I saw the murder done!

ALEX.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXIII.

The church bells are ringing, the village is gay,
And our darling is dressed in her bridal array;
She's woo'd and she's won, by our good neighbour's son,
The knot is tied, and the service done,
And the eating and drinking and toasting begun.
The health of the bride and the bridegroom is drunk,
And the bridegroom turns red, and is in a blue funk;
Then does he, after some hesitation, arise,
Cough, hem! and deliver himself in this wise:—

"My friends, unaccustomed as I am to speaking
In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in—
I feel as if under a sort of a spell
That's been worked by my *first*, or perchance by *ma belle;*
For there's that in my breast
Which can't be expressed,
And can therefore, my dearest friends, only be guessed,
So I merely will say—
That I trust the my *next* entered into this day
(With the aid of our much-esteemed *third*,) will be blessed.
I'm in such a flutter
Of joy, I can't utter
The words that describe well my *next;*
So I beg you'll excuse
My not stating my views,
When I *fifth* you how I am perplexed.
Thank you all, in the name of my bride—that is, wife—
And myself—'Tis the happiest day of my life,—

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

And I feel—I can't say how—so merry and gay—
Like my *sixth* kind of movement when instruments play.
And I'm sure I should be quite unworthy the name
Of my *seventh*—and a husband—and highly to blame,
Were I not my *eighth* grateful for all your good wishes."

Here down sat the groom,
Loud applause filled the room,
And the groomsmen thumped the table
As hard as they were able,
And made a great clattering of glasses and dishes.

CRACK.

No. CLXIV.*

'Tis there I sit,
When I think fit,
To rub my wit,
And ne'er a He who visits me
Would dream to 'sconce himself in it.

1. The nosegay of sweet sounds my first.
2. The dayspring of young life my second.
3. Goddess of prime, the rosy-fingered reckoned.
4. The mount we climb to see the dawn out-burst.
5. My last in corporate towns without a peer,
   Cæsar, Augustus, for a single year.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXV.

A "G. C. B.," a marshal's baton, possibly my Lord,
Are guerdons for the service rendered by his gallant sword.
Fired by the bravery of him who is so great in story,
The other burns to learn the way to share in so much glory.

1. Clarions loud, and rattling drums,
   Proclaim the conquering hero comes.
2. This in all writing comes from art, not chance,
   As they move gracefully who've learnt to dance.
3. Feeble? Oh! this prescription I will write,
   Take it, you'll soon regain your appetite.
4. Upon Assyria's throne she fill'd the place
   Of one its monarch banished in disgrace.
5. These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
   And Saxon—I wear bonnet blue.
6. The man was never near the house that day,
   I swear he was a hundred miles away.
7. My mate and I, with pick and cradle, found
   A lump, the worth of many and many a pound.

F. P. and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXVI.†

"Their shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorned,"
Legs armour-clad, and hind parts doubly horned.

1. 'Tis found in Beds, of corn and Bunyan fame.
2. All ships in "Lloyd's" good books are called the same.
3. Who this accepts, must also take my name.

URSUS.

No. CLXVII.

The day is now closing,
'Tis time for reposing,
Yet while some are sleeping
How many are weeping.
Night's over! Day's breaking!
All Nature is waking,
Fresh flowers are springing,
Bright birds sweetly singing.

1. An ancient town in Worcestershire.
2. Through Italy it flows.
3. He reigned by Tiber's turbid stream,
   Ere stately Rome arose.
4. A great astronomer was he.
5. Bellini this composed.
6. A river 'twixt the Thames and Trent.
7. By this the dungeon's closed.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXVIII.*

You must wake and call me early,
Lest too long I lie asleep,
For I would rise to gather flowers
When daylight 'gins to peep.
A flow'ry crown they'll make for me
Upon the green so gay;
To-morrow's the first of May, mother,
To-morrow's the first of May.

So said the maiden young,
By English poet sung.

Oh! meet me by night when my *first*
Streams, dearest, adown the dark dale,
And there if my *second* you be,
I'll tell you a nice little tale!

And ev'ry my *third* I'll suppress,
Sweet maid for your beautiful sake,
For of my poor heart you're the *fourth*,
And true love shall be wide awake!

Believe me, I feel quite my *fifth*,
Whene'er you are not in my sight,
And naught with my *sixth* can behold,
Away from your radiant light.

At morn at my *eighth*, and at eve,
I cry like a soul in despair,
Oh! where is my loved one, my own?
My *seventh* says mockingly, "Where?"

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXIX.†

A double acrostic intending to write,
I put down three "lights" in my *third;*
Requesting some friends to say what they all meant,
And their verdicts were truly absurd.

Said Rob, "I shall shortly be called to the *first;*
In Finland the *second* must be;
The *third's* where I went for a gallop to-day."
Said Rose, "You and I disagree;

The *first,* Sir, is musical; quite the reverse
Is the *last;* number *two's* 'neath my chin."
"I lunch at the *first;* have the *last* on the Thames;
Am the *second* to Kathleen O'Flinn;"

So said Pat; and then added, "In Ireland's the *whole;*"
Said Rose, "'Tis on Salisbury Plain;"
'Twas somewhere near Leicester, according to Jack;
Rob had seen it in Chancery Lane.

And, strange though it seem, they were all of them right,
As you'll own, when you've read me with care;
And, what's stranger still, though deception's my aim,
My lights are each one on the square.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXX.*

Dear Rose, London seems to be getting quite gay.
I saw in the *Queen* of the thirteenth of May
That you went, and the details I'm dying to know,
For this, my *first*, Claybrook is awfully slow.
So tell me about it, and all that you saw,
And believe, my *second*, yours, Margery Daw.

Dear Margery, I'm almost ready to cry,
For that I'm disappointed I will not deny.
I dare say you think it so nice to have been
Presented at Court to my *third*—that's the Queen—
But I felt very lonely; no soul did I see
To take any notice, alas! of poor me,
Except Lady Blank, who was coldly polite,
(Pa asked her to take me, you know, t'other night).
I feel, my dear Meg, that I never was made
To rub against swells and endure the "cold shade;"
It freezes my *fourth*, and reminds me of those,
My *fifth*, who e'en shadow to shadow oppose,
Because the two live, just like peasant and peer,
On each side of a line, in a different sphere.
(This simile is not my own, I admit,
'Tis a bit of my dear cousin *sixth's* learned wit.)
I dare say high life is my *seventh* to those
Who love to be treading on duchesses' toes;

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

But to me it does not any pleasure afford,
To scrape nodding acquaintance with lady or lord;
Then I am such an *eighth* to the ways of grandees
That when with them I can't say I feel at my ease.
I dare say I'm wrong to indulge in such fancies,
After going with pa to their dinners and dances,
But it strikes me they'd like to my *ninth* us, but are
Afraid of offending my wealthy papa.
At one of these *soirées*—(mind, don't let it out)—
I hear a "dear friend" of papa's—(I've no doubt)—
Call papa a my *tenth;* and I've asked my pet cousin,
Who reads books at The British each day by the dozen,
What it means; and he says 'tis a kind of a creature
That's brutish in manner, but human in feature.
I think 'tis so shocking, I haven't told pa;
I remain, your affectionate friend, Rosey Carr.

P.S.—You, of course, I to secrecy bind,
For no *last* have I shown of the state of my mind.
I've told dear papa, just to please him, you know,
That I'm charmed with my visit to London, although
I'd sooner be down at old Claybrook with you.
And now, my dear Meg, I must bid you adieu.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXI.

My dear Arabella, 'tis such good fun,
In the bright my *first* of an August sun,
'Neath a sky of a lovely my *second* hue,
With a breeze as refreshing as ever blew,
To sport like my *sixth* in the briny deep,
While dear Aunty my *third*, on a sandy heap,
Looks very my *last*, and my *fourth* thinks me,
To frolic and dance in the deep blue sea;
For, dear Bell, I must tell you, I've grown quite brave,
Not the least bit afraid of the biggest wave.

On this Suffolk shore dwelt, in days of old,
My *fifth*, a people whose queen so bold
With the Roman legions had dreadful fights,
Standing up, poor dear, for her "woman's rights."
I wonder, dear Bell, if she e'er, like me,
Came down for a dip in the deep blue sea.
But I now must conclude; so, dear, I remain,
Your loving old schoolfellow, Kate Delaine.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXII.†

Our good my *first* rides gaily on
  Before the fresh'ning wind,
And on her flag my *whole* is borne,
  Though Erin's far behind.

We've safely passed the Channel's mouth,
  O'er Biscay's boist'rous tide,
By Finisterre and Trafalgar
  Where my brave *second* died.

Old Gib' we've left some leagues astern,
  Off Malta soon shall be;
Then sailing up the blue, my *third*,
  Its lovely bride to see.

But while we view her spacious square,
  And church, of Saint my *last*,
We'll not forget our own green isle,
  Whose emblem's at the mast.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXIII.

(*The lines describing the lights are acrostical.*)

My *first* of mountain peaks and gorges tells,
Where echoes revel and the torrent swells;
My *second* worms its way through rocks and downs,
Moles under rivers, undermines our towns;
My *whole* a work of engineering skill,
Subduing Nature to the human will.

1. A man who says there is no God, in heart,
   Fool tho' he be, may "light" for me impart.
2. Let half-a-hundred stand combined with you,
   And, at a glance, my second you will view.
3. Punch loves to hear thy brisk enlivening strain,
   God of the mountains, meads, and sylvan plain.
4. In wrath to Tartarus from Olympus driven,
   Where for thy woe the ceaseless wheel was given.
5. Nereus his daughter gave thee for a wife,
   'Tis thine to raise the waves or calm their strife.
6. Eschew all thought of this; live to live well;
   And of thy bright example all shall tell.

G. R. AND E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXIV.†

(*Double Solution.*)

(1). A Royal lady for whose state
(2). We have deeply felt of late.

(1). Her home amidst the mountains high,
(2). That does in Northern Britain lie.

1. Shell fish	1. and another fish.
2. Very plain	2. and unsociable.
3. Spirits	3. and a game at cards.
4. A humorous taunt	4. and a second.
5. Part of the throat	5. and the shape of the mouth.
6. A huge animal	6. and a huge country.
7. In a churchyard	7. and a church dignitary.
8. Bad	8. boy.

CRACKER.

No. CLXXV.

A Batrachian, a monosyllable.
Bisected, two syllables; the second half being Latin for the first half.

1. Thank you, says the baby.
2. I am, says the grandfather.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

(*The four following acrostics contain the usual introduction and lights, and in addition the initial and final letters of the first verse of each stanza form another double acrostic bearing on the subject.*)

No. CLXXVI.

They say the realm hath three estates,
Two I must give you here;
Our *tiers état* the Commons are
And they our lights appear.

(*The lights are abbreviations.*)

T 1. This light for farthings stands and English pounds, 'S
You have your cue, elision here abounds.

H 2. How's this? you naughty man, pay what thou owest! T
And learn this truth: thou reapest as thou sowest.

I 3. I hear by thee the bodiless idea; A
When stamped on words its ringing coin I hear.

R 4. Read as diminutive, a whirl is meant, T
A name without it will be evident.

D 5. Decide if long or short the style shall be, E
The new short fashion is the style for me.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXVII.

Four seasons we are, the Sun's sons, not the Sea's,
Some our Spring most admire, some a Summer will please,
As you ought 'em to use Autumn bounties desire,
And in Winter we'll bless the inventor of fire.

A 1. Away to that island where Xerxes withdrew W
To a throne on Ægalion's mountain, to view
A handful of Greeks his vast thousands subdue.

U 2. Unwearied next visit the land north of Chili, I
Well metalled, well watered, well wooded, but hilly,
Where Pizarro, as puppet, crowned Manco the silly.

T 3. To that "dam" then, the Rotter and Maäs between, N
Whose harbour has made it for shipping a queen;
Here Erasmus was born, and his statue is seen.

U 4. Up again and away! In our Scotch Eden's sight T
Lies an isle which, they say, from St. Columb is hight;
Here an abbey in ruins our stay will invite.

M 5. Most wondrous of rivers, we next traverse thee, E
Thy rapids, thy lakes, and thy ruins to see;
No dragoman need we our prompter to be.

N 6. Now our wand'rings are done, for the end draweth near, R
You yourself be our last and best "light," reader dear
What? Guessed it at once? Round it, then, in my ear.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXVIII.

In the city of Mansoul my first is the fort,
Where invisible hands weave the network of thought;
Here the Governor dwells and knows all that is done,
By his telegraph trails, to each corner that run.
To get to my second you pass Temple Bar,
Here the forges, the workshops, and furnaces are,
The bakers, the chemists, the cooks, and purveyors,
The ædiles, the quæstors, the lictors, assayers.
The rest of the workmen the suburbs contain,
All their orders receive from the court of King Brain;
They are muscular fellows of sinew and strength,
In our lights they're drawn up, in two files, at full length.

F 1. For food I grow, for relish, and for leech, H
In garden, forest, meadow, lane, and beach.

O 2. Opened in leafy pride, in field or lea A
My offspring stand, the shrub, the flower, the tree.

O 3. Oxyde they called me once, but my vocation N
Is to form salts by "base-born" combination.

T 4. Time's unit I, from rise to sun-rise reckon'd D
My fractions hours, the minute, and its second.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXIX.

I love thee well, but think it would have been a
Boon to thy children had thy ways been cleaner;
Dirt in a child is bad, but sure 'tis thirty,
Fifty times worse, when old grey-beards are dirty.

L 1. Lo! many a flying thing was once a grub, B
My "flyte" I stooped a London sewer to scrub.

O 2. O'er rivers thrown, masts when they pass me lower, R
Puck is my fellow, bishops own my power.

N 3. Near the Australian continent lie I, I
An ocean pearl and British colony.

D 4. Destroyed by lava from Vesuvius spouted, D
The tale proves true which once our fathers doubted.

O 5. One of the world's divisions, called "Wide-Seeing," G
Smallest in size, but greatest in well-being.

N 6. Near thy great harbour Chares' statue rose; E
Knights of St. John on me their quarters chose.

E. C. B.

No. CLXXX.

Thoroughly bored.

1. Light draught.
2. Sweetness in bitterness.
3. Strength.
4. In-verted.
5. Neptune's pastime.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXI.†

Where on boughs my *first* is greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
Where my *second* gaily flowers
'Mong the moss in woodland bowers;
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There my *whole* can flourish strongest.
To the rocks, her head uprearing,
Oft she clings, my *third* not fearing;
Clefts my *last*, and gape beneath her,
And the mountain mists enwreath her;
There she bides, the tempests braving,
With her verdant plumes all waving.

URSUS.

No. CLXXXII.

My outside is my *first*; my inside is my *second*; my *second* is my *first*; and my *whole* is my *second*.

1. Our sovereign hath a score like me,
   Of sterling worth and true.
2. A bloodless fight throughout the night,
   The last of Waterloo.
3. To this, you know, if J. you add,
   Matrona will appear.
4. What well-appointed Henry did
   For France at Hampton Pier.

URSUS and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXIII.

"Oh! Papa, do please take us," said coaxing Louise.
Said Mamma, "Hush, my darling, don't be such a teaze."
'Take you where and to what?" said Pa, deep in the *Times*;
Louie's answer appears in the following rhymes.

1. Oh! take me to Erin, to where the "old head"
   Does the mouth of the harbour defend;
2. Oh! take me to Devon, where flows the fair stream
   As I've written it here, without end.
3. Oh! take me to where the Triennial's held,
   By the Eastern Counties rail;
4. Oh! take me to where the burying-place
   Tells the sad Crimean tale.
5. Oh! take me again to the self-same place,
   For short I will write it thus;
6. Oh! take me to this great Japanese port
   But recently opened to us.
7. Oh! take me to Belgium's city, the one
   With three hundred bridges I mean;
8. Oh! take me to this Polynesian isle
   Where the transit of Venus was seen.
9. Oh! take me then to this noble river
   Of South Ameri-ca;
10. And, oh! take me then to the "Court of the South,"
    But don't take me away from Papa.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXIV.

Adieu, ye woods, adieu, ye groves,
  Ye wagon horses, ploughs and harrows,
Ye capering lambs, ye cooing doves,
  Adieu ye nightingales and sparrows.

Adieu, ye nasty little boys,
  So sweetly in the puddles playing;
Adieu, adieu, the cheerful noise
  Of grunting pigs and asses braying.

I care not in the leafy grove,
  Nor by the purling stream to ramble;
Through muddy lanes to *first* and rove,
  Bemired and scratched by briar and bramble.

Oh! I (my *next*) prefer the parks,
  Where, 'stead of country Tom and Billy,
I meet the more enlightened sparks
  Of Rotten Row and Piccadilly;

And *third* my pipe—not that of old
  By swains Arcadian tuned so gaily,
But that of modern frame and mould
  Invented by Sir Walter Raleigh.

My *fourth* prefers the smoking-room
  (With B. and S., delicious liquor!),
To all the bouquets that perfume
  The drawing-rooms of the squire and vicar.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Then farewell woods, and farewell groves,
Rough roads, deep ruts, and boist'rous weather,
And capering lambs, and cooing doves,
Farewell! I hate ye altogether!

CRACK.

No. CLXXXV.

Of these great names well may our country boast,
Brightly they shine amid a brilliant host.
What, though a cloud has somewhat dimmed the *first*,
Let us believe the best, forgive the worst.
For he with wondrous skill essayed to give
Mankind the wisest maxims how to live.
The *last* as well to deepest thought inclined,
Sought to unlock the fetters of the mind.
Innate ideas he scorned, and strove to show
Experience the sole source of all we know.
Ne'er to oblivion shall their writings sink,
But ever nobly teach us how to think.

1. The brutal husband of a lovely queen.
2. With snake and torch is my Erinnys seen.
3. Whene'er he speaks 'tis with a bitter sneer.
4. Though hard my heart, my bark you need not fear.
5. Did I not overflow my banks each year
   The land would soon become a desert drear.

L

ALEX.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXVI.

His pencil full of genius, truth, and grace,
Has made immortal many a lovely face;
Though Time, with treacherous hand, has used him ill,
The master's touch remains to charm us still.

1. His cattle pieces have the highest fame.
2. Linked are historic pictures with his name.
3. A portrait painter, and a poet's son.
4. Of all my painters, this the greatest one.
5. Raphael's or his, e'en judges cannot say.
6. A cattle-painter of the present day.
7. This poem Flaxman's outlines illustrate.
8. A Dutchman is my last, and all are great.

ALEX. and CRACK.

No. CLXXXVII.

The Lady's Newspaper.
The Gentleman's Newspaper.

1. What the monks of old did.
2. The wide vessel—without the verse.
3. Pride was her legacy.
4. Malcolm's creation in Scotland.
5. Bolingbroke's ladder.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXVIII.

Loud roared the winds around Strathallan's hall,
The sea-boy paled and trembled at the squall;
Down dived the ship, then upwards tossed on high,
The rebel prow distressed the distant sky.
'Twas such a night as this, the legend saith,
To Rome portended the first Cæsar's death.
A night like this might bode Destruction's birth,
The wreck of matter and the crash of earth.
Strathallan's lord uprose, and gave a shout:
"Ten thousand thunders! Why it has gone out!"

He hears the night-hawk's cry, the eagle's scream;
Was it a truth, or but a ghastly dream?
Here, there, he hurries; every member shakes;
No ray of moon or star the midnight breaks.
Oh! for the tiger's eye to scan the room!
Oh! for some lightning flash to pierce the gloom!
Come conflagration! Clouds of heaven melt!
Better than darkness visible and felt!
Strathallan's lord seized what he sought: "Oh! bother,"
Screamed he in wrath, "Why, there is not another."

1. "Ex nihilo" I come, and "nihil fit."
2. Two eyes have I to light me to my wit.
3. A merry Puck or water-imp is this.
4. Us Cockneys drop, or use our strength amiss.
5. My last you'll never guess, an echo faint,
   To all your guessings always whispers "'taint."

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CLXXXIX.

Happy the man who thinks no place like this,
Spending his hours in sweet domestic bliss;
And wretched he, with none to soothe or cheer,
Who flies away to seek for solace here.

"Confound it, Jane! The soup is cold again;
I will not stand it longer,—and that's plain,
'Tis downright poison,—like my acid *first;*
Why with such 'rascal cooks' am I accursed?
Yesterday, tainted fish and cag-mag meat,
Such *next*, I would not ask a pig to eat.
Give me my hat!" "Please, John——" "Now don't be rude,
I'm off to seek a bit of wholesome food."
So saying, out he stamped. "Cab! look alive!"
"Yes, sir. Where to?" "Oh! to the Gridiron drive."
"Waiter! What have you on my *third* to-day?
Here, bring me this, and that without delay."
"Yes, sir!"—and thus alone he eats his meal,
Soup, fish, entrées, and *crème à la vanille.*
His dinner finished, to the Turf he strays,
At billiards, whist, and at écarté plays;
Reaches his house when light, with lightened purse,
Perchance to greet his helpmate with a curse.

Ye wives, if hence a moral you would draw,
Here's modern instance to an ancient saw:
Let not the husband, like the restless main,
Flow to his mark, and then my *fourth* again:

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Man's love, remember, is in part ventrine,
(I've coined this word to make it fit the line);
See to his breakfast, to his luncheon look,
And pay a daily visit to the cook.

CRACK.

No. CXC.

My first sent down in gentle showers,
Wakes from the winter sleep the flowers;
As mercy, when one sin confesses,
Who gives and who receives it blesses.

My twin, of mimic crystals full,
Though icy cold, lies warm as wool;
To earth its fleeces, lightly tossed,
The tender seed defend from frost.

1. Of beasts the dog, and these of birds, by far
   With man most friendly and confiding are.
2. Season of fruits, thy sons the wine-press tread,
   Trees in thy path their leafy honours shed.
3. As Polyphemus, whom Ulysses chides,
   One eye is mine, and naught have I besides.
4. My semi-point the seaman's compass shows,
   No wind more rude than my Argestes blows.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXCI.

A lexicographer.
And his biographer.

1. I want this bit of work; pray do it fast.
2. The convent where a poet breathed his last.
3. Mere suppositions you will ever find,
4. Not easily dislodged from such a mind.
5. The ravelled thread of care by sleep is knitted.
6. By such tradition were old tales transmitted.
7. The whole responsibility we'll bear,
   Yours is but this, you take no real share.

ALEX.

No. CXCII.

The Pope of Rome my *first* word claims,
And so doth many another;
My *second*, when her infant names,
Is music to a mother.
From Gallia we were both imported,
When Normans to our isle resorted,

1. The secret this, in brief, delivers
   When these few lines were written;
2. My letters name some forty rivers,
   Though none of them in Britain.
3. My first may for my third be reckoned,
4. E'en as my last repeats my second.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXCIII.

High in the heavens, hid from unaided sight,
It shows from time to time its feeble light,
Called by his name who read its character aright.

1. Who was that king the winds who sold?
2. What was that mount where Moses died?
3. And what that twain of purest gold
   On Israel's Mercy-seat descried?
4. Tell me the poet born at Weimar,
5. And Yorkshire's Crabbe, the "Corn-law Rhymer."

E. C. B.

No. CXCIV.

My *first* is what my lady's hand should be:
My *second's* wherewithal to keep it clean.
My *whole*'s the flattery that conquers strife.

1. Behold, he is a tribune of the people,
   The tongue of the common mouth. I do despise him,
   For he does prank him in authority
   Against all noble sufferance.
2. My father charged you in his will to give me a good education. You have trained me like a peasant. I will no longer endure it.
3. There's a great spirit gone! She's good, being gone.
   The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
4. The wall is high, yet will I leap from hence:
   Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXCV.

I snatched the ribbon from his crook,
As Colin slept upon the heather,
Then from my hair its bandage took
And knit the two together;
And thrice I cried,
As these I tied,
"Thus may our hearts be one for ever,
And death alone our true-love sever!"

1. Who tied me, no doubt, felt my first,
2. Though my hero four-score had arrived at.
3. His choice, I should think, was the worst
That Cupid in fun e'er connived at.
4. But the bauble of love was the emblem, they say,
And so led to my last in a natural way.

E. C. B.

No. CXCVI.*

A fierce my *whole*,
A rabid my *whole*,
Is running about the town,
And all take flight
To the left and the right,
Wherever his nose is shown;
For he barks and he howls, and he snaps and he yelps,
At the cat, at my *third*, and at lots of small whelps.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

Oh! he hath nibbled a number of folks,
And caused a great my *second;*
He hath bit Tommy Styles and bit Jacky Noakes,
And they both my *first* are reckoned.
Lowly peasant and high-born dame,
The rich and the proud,
And the vulgar crowd,
This fierce my *whole* snaps at all the same;
And every one dreads abroad to stir
All out of fear of this terrible cur.

CRACK.

No. CXCVII.

Some don't approve of stockings of this hue;
At sound of me the evil spirits flew.
The words above will form, when joined together,
A pretty flower, found in the land of heather.

1. Through the salt melancholy "Gate of Tears"
The mariner needs pass with many fears.
2. Cross me across and you a cross will see;
Draw me, and you select your company.
3. Partial or compound, sometimes simple, I
Flowers in profusion on one stem descry.
4. She looks so fair, it scarce would be believed
Her face with me completely is champlieved.

ALEX and CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CXCVIII.*

Can monumental stone or marble hearse
E'er form such record as immortal verse?
Say, can the poet a memorial raise
In honour of the friend of youthful days
That can surpass his own pathetic lays?

1. Beware the whirlpool, or 'twill swallow you.
2. In big balloon this aeronaut we view.
3. In Santa Croce see his tomb before you.
4. I hope this pastoral poem will not bore you.
5. To trouble is he born, sometimes to bliss.
6. If you don't swim 'tis awkward to be this.
7. In this you hear Sclavonic dialect.
8. In this a Celtic one you will detect.
9. In Eastern lands a very common name.
10. That he is this, his mother is to blame.

ALEX.

No. CXCIX.

What's in a name? I cannot tell,
Nor could I ever see
Why there should be such lots of these;
Yes! that's what puzzles me.

1. Why should he be the son of John,
Yet Johnson be no more
2. Than I'm a quadruped, though made
Of bullocks and a boar.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

3. Why titled thus? May be, because
   So nattily he dressed.
4. Why is a scholar named "you are"
   In grammar bad expressed?
5. Again I ask! What's in a name?
   And this I ne'er could see,
   Why what is last should head the list,
   Oh! that's what puzzles me!

CRACK.

No. CC.

Of all paradoxical things that I know,
The "rule of the road" is the worst;
You're my *first* while you gallop or drive on the left,
My *second*, if e'er on my *first*.

1. Hard by Clyde's mouth this royal burgh you'll find,
   It's children frugal, and of "thrifty mind."
2. Who rolled the drums at Linden? I reply,
   "Why, it was I, sir, rolling rapidly."
3. With knives and Fawkes, the traitors plotting met;
   He was their guide, O, then the train was set.
4. An outlaw bold, yet Earl of this, I ween;
   His band, when hunting, don the Lincoln green.
5. 'Gainst Harold fighting, he was slain. Then he
   Was tost ignobly on the blood-stained lea.

URSUS.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CCI.

Firsts in their *seconds* small agree,
And 'tis a fearful sight
When members of one family
Fall out and scratch and fight.

1. Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis dirt cheap, and rails at his hard fate
That he has let it pass.

2. Apathy, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?

3. Behold a cloth,
Gnawn into tatters by devouring moth.

4. The cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

5. These are the holy outskirts, and from thence
Begins the City, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.

CRACK.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CCII.

Not Orpheus with his music-breathing lute
Could charm us more than he with magic flute.
The conquering hero of composers comes;
Sound shrill the trumpets, and beat loud the drums.

A fabulous tradition is my *first.*
Hark! from my *second,* what a glorious burst;
If not all in my *fourth,* 'tis very wrong.
My *third* the theme of Jewish monarch's song.
My *fifth* if without reason is not well.
Rossini's opera my *sixth* will tell.

ALEX.

No. CCIII.*

"The King is dead;
Long live the King!" men cry:
"The Year is gone;
Happy New Year!" say I.

1. The name to noddies, dwarfs, and big bells put.
2. An English monarch we surname "Hare-foot."
3. The predecessor of the "Scourge of Heaven."
4. The highest rank by Lilliputians given.
5. The Swedish king men called "The Windy Cap."
6. Prince of reporters, styled "Old Memory Trap."
7. The Samian letter and a cross united.
8. The earl in whom our Virgin Queen delighted.
9. A Piedmontese of great dramatic name.
10. He whom Tancredi raised to highest fame.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CCIV.*

The turkey bring! It is plum-pudding day;
The boar's head crowned, and roast Sir Loin of beef!
But on its octave romp, and dance, and play,
Look forth with hope, and bury last year's grief.

I'm a Janus with two faces,
Solemn, chaste, and holy, one;
'Tother fonder of grimaces,
Full of frolic, full of fun.

On my *fifth*, best day of seven,
Bells from forth my *first one* ring;
My *eleventh* there seek in heaven,
And my *second* meekly sing.

Change the key! A fig for reason!
Merry as my *fourth* let's be!
My *third* and *tenth* will suit the season,
Where my *seventh* hangs o'er thee.

Through my *sixth*, both now and after,
Shoot, Love, shoot my *eighth* around;
From my *ninth* to *ninth* let laughter
Thro' my *twelfth*, with love, abound.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CCV.

Small bards are we who write our rhymes with freedom;
And patrons you who pay for them and read 'em.

1. My portion of the task performed, I humbly bid adieu.
   To blame or to approve my work, reader, I leave to you.
2. Who sows must reap, e'en bards must live, the very mill-horse graze,
   The "solid pudding" we require, as well as "empty praise."
3. The embryo of our finished work, germ, atom of the mind,
   The cotyledon of man's thought, you in this "light" will find.
4. What is that Polynesian word for shelved, black-balled, neglected?
   We fear it not, our bantling book can never be rejected.
5. Far rather would we fain expect that little Gallic word,
   To modest worth in England given, tho' ne'er in Gallia, heard.
6. Most gracious friend, with thee we end, for thee this book designed;
   Look at its merits with a smile, be to its failings blind.
7. Then with the bays of favour crowned, "Excelsior!" for the rest;
   Well said, well read, well sped, well paid; all in one word expressed.

E. C. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

No. CCVI.*

Sans everything.

1. All the world's a stage, whoever gains it,
   And this contains it.
2. The hoped-for goal of every earthly rover
   When all is over.
3. Finis. We thank you, this at least is certain,
   Ring down the curtain.

E. C. B.

No. CCVII.

Our task accomplished, our enigma done;
Reader, if you're content, our suit is won;
Be our's your patience, and be your's our parts,
Lend us your hands, and take with you our hearts.
Now, that we've run the race and reached the goal,
My *first* we bid you in my *last* and *whole*.

1. The wife of Constantine was she.
2. King of the Visigoths was he.
3. Flow onward to the restless main.
4. Hark! hark it answers us again!
5. Who sang that babes might understand?
6. Who held the rock 'gainst hostile band?
7. The sire of priests, old Jacob's son.
8. First primate when our realm was won.

URSUS and E. C. B.

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